

LAST EDITION.
COMPLETE MARKET REPORTS.

Three Millions
of Men Ruled by
One Man.

AMERICA'S
GREATEST CAPTAIN
OF INDUSTRY.

Astounding figures revealing the power of an individual who has been lightly considered by many who thought themselves informed. See to-morrow's

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

THE ONLY ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.

CIRCULATION SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1898.

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SATURDAY EVENING—ST. LOUIS—FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

PRICE In St. Louis, One Cent. Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

LAST EDITION.
COMPLETE MARKET REPORTS.

Fifty Murders
and No One
Even Indicted.

RECORD OF ONE
AMERICAN
COMMUNITY.

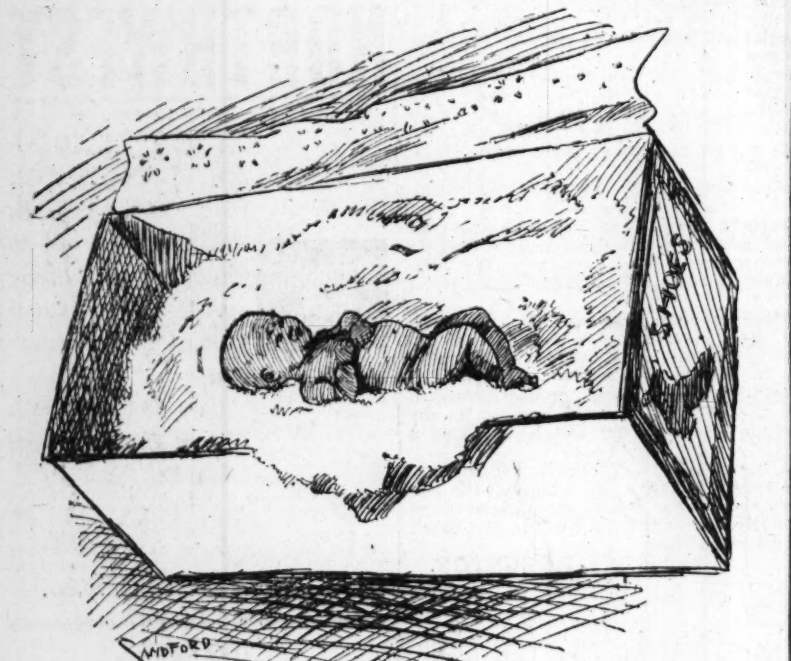
Horrible series of killings into which no official but the Coroner has ever inquired. Read the story in to-morrow's

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

THIS BABY WEIGHED BUT THREE OUNCES.

Smallest Human Mite in Medical History Died at
Midnight, After Living for Five Days.

Was Packed in Cotton and Parents Fed the Baby Bacon
Kept in a Pasteboard Shoe Box. When It Was Three Days Old.



BABY SMITH IN A SHOE BOX.

Emilie Smith was the smallest baby ever born in St. Louis. Mrs. Dr. E. Smith of 2561 Easton avenue, who assisted in the bringing of the mite into the world, is of the opinion that little Emilie was the smallest baby ever born, regardless of locality. She knows of no other case within her professional observance and has read of no other instance in the course of her professional studies where a child was born quite as tiny and yet as well-developed as this one.

When Emilie opened her eyes last Monday morning at 3:00 Clark avenue, Mrs. Dr. Smith made her a bed in a wad of cotton and placed her on a pair of scales. The instrument was too clumsy of construction to weigh the newcomer, so they sent around the corner to the drug store and borrowed a pair of letter scales. When placed on the little platform, which was made to hold an ordinary envelope, there was room for Emilie and her cotton bed and to spare. She was just heavy enough to cause the arrow to swerve the fraction of a quarter of an inch and mark three ounces. Think of a human being weighing less than one-fifth of a pound!

If babies were malleable, Emilie could have been sent all over the United States or to Canada and Mexico for 6 cents. "Her name is Emilie," said Mrs. Dr. Smith, her mother, as Dr. Smith held forth the doll-like creature in the palm of her hand.

The baby's head was well shaped, but not larger than the big horn buttons on the long, blue coat of her father Ed, who is a coachman. Fine black hair like the fuzz on a peach covered the little head. Her eyes were black and in size not as big around as the end of a lead pencil. A bean, like the beans you bake Boston style, would have been too huge an object for Emilie to have grasped in her hand. When stretched out and measured Emilie's height was an even seven inches. She would have fitted in the inside pocket of a man's coat or could have been lost in a top bureau drawer with the hair pins, bits of ribbon and other odds and ends. If Emilie had been any way big enough to fill the clothes her mother had provided for her, she couldn't have had a looser and more comfortable griddle than a rubber band such as a druggist uses to do up a half-dozen breads.

Little Emilie was placed in a shoe box full of cotton and her "cradle" was set upon a table near a lighted lamp shaded so its warm rays would fall upon her. Dr. Smith's

patient progressed well for four days and when weighed Thursday she showed two additional ounces. Friday morning, when Mrs. Dr. Smith called to note its condition, Ed Smith, the father, was present, and he was delighted at the way his daughter was thriving.

"By the by, Mrs. Dr. Smith," said the father, "you didn't tell us what to feed little Emilie."

"Feed her! Great Scott, man, you haven't fed her, have you?" said the startled doctor. "I didn't think you'd go to feeding her anything else than humanized milk. Have you given her anything?"

"Sure," blandly replied Smith. "Bacon. Go look at her."

Mrs. Dr. Smith crossed the room to the center table and turned up the lamp. Little Emilie sunk down in her warm nest of cotton, lay contentedly with a strip of raw bacon in her mouth.

Mrs. Dr. Smith has seen many strange things in her experience as a physician, but she never had met with raw bacon as a diet for new-born babies. She said so, and Smith was surprised at her ignorance. There was nothing so good and strengthening as raw bacon, he said. He had given all his babies raw bacon.

"How many children have you had?" asked the doctor.

"This is the third," replied Smith.

"Where are they?"

"The other two are dead. They didn't live very long."

The physician didn't say anything. She left after giving full directions concerning Emilie's food.

Saturday morning when Mrs. Dr. Smith called to see the baby, a neighbor met her at the door.

"The baby is dead," announced the neighbor. "She got very cold late last night and we could do nothing for her. She died so quietly you couldn't have noticed it. For a long time we were not sure ourselves that she was dead."

Little Emilie's certificate of birth, which had been made out as carefully as if she had been twenty times as heavy, will be followed Saturday afternoon by a certificate of death, and application for a burial permit. Interment will be given as the cause of death. Sunday morning when the formalities of the law have been complied with, Ed Smith will take the little box containing the body of his infant daughter to the cemetery and have it buried along side its sisters.

ROBBERS ON THE IRON MOUNTAIN.

Confidence Men Assault a
Passenger.

THEIR LITTLE GAME FAILED.

WHEN THE VICTIM DREW BACK
HIS MONEY ONE MAN PRE-
SENTED A REVOLVER.

ANOTHER TURNED PICKPOCKET.

Others in the Coach Became Fright-
ened, Believing a Hold-Up by
Desperate Bandits Was
in Progress.

Walter L. Peters of 215 North Twenty-first street left Union Station on the Iron Mountain fast mail train for Hot Springs, Ark., Friday evening, and before he had gone 100 miles on his journey he ran into a couple of three-card monte men on the train, who lightened his roll a trifle.

The confidence men expected to get Peters in their little game and rob him of all the money he possessed, a considerable amount, which he carried in a pocketbook.

After making his acquaintance they proposed that he bet on their trick and Peters produced \$9 which he had in loose bills in his pocket.

He was on the point of making a bet, when he thought of the stories he had read in the newspapers about gold bricks and short change customers, and he balked short at the proposition and folded the bills back in his pocket.

The two men pressed in upon him, one of them insisting that the money had been regularly placed and lost to them. Peters was about to resist when one of the men placed a revolver at his head and at the same time jerked the money from Peters' pocket.

The train had just passed Bismarck, Mo., and was going at an increased speed. Other passengers in the coach noticed the commotion going on in the forward end of the car, and when they saw the flash of a revolver they instantly decided that train-robbers had got aboard and were about to begin operations.

Several passengers who chanced to be near the robbers tried to make a dash for the rear of the train, but the robbers caught a glimpse of the excited passengers and their glistering gun barrels, and they hurriedly backed to the forward door and passed out on the platform.

Peters raised the alarm that he had been robbed and several men sprang forward toward the open door. When they reached the platform they could see no trace of the two men. They had jumped from the train and were nowhere to be seen.

By this time the conductor and some of the train hands had heard of the disturbance and entered the car when the matter was explained to them. They hurriedly ordered a halt, and a posse of passengers then caught a glimpse of the robbers as they fled from the train.

The train was moving so rapidly that it had gone at least a mile before the robbers could be seen. They were a short distance, but there were no signs of the men. It is supposed they hid themselves in the woods, and with the darkness in their favor, managed to elude their pursuers.

How either man escaped fatal injuries, if not instant death when they leaped, was not known.

Peters remained on the train when it proceeded on its journey as far as the next station, where, at the advice of the conductor, he alighted to return to St. Louis.

A description of the men and the details of the robbery were telegraphed to the St. Louis Chief of Police. A northbound freight train picked Peters up and conveyed him back to Bismarck, where, he says, he saw one of the robbers on the depot platform.

The man was pointed out to the city marshal of Bismarck by Peters, but the marshal, it is claimed by Peters, refused to arrest him, fearing there was some mistake.

Peters arrived back in St. Louis at 6 o'clock Saturday morning, and was met at Tower Grove Station by Detectives King and Lally, who had been assigned to the case by Night Chief Kiley upon his notification of the robbery. Peters said the two robbers had remained in Bismarck.

According to Peters' description one of the men was between 40 and 45 years old, short and stout, with a dark beard all over his face. The other man was younger, about 35 years of age, tall, thin, with a dark brown mustache, blue eyes and wore a black overcoat.

Peters says the men joined him in conversation soon after the train left St. Louis.

TWO NOW DEAD.

Another Member of the Romine Poisoning Tragedy.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Feb. 12.—The mother of John Romine, whose family of seven were poisoned Wednesday night, died this morning, and Romine and one daughter are seriously ill.

DEATH OF JUDGE MACFARLANE.

Surgical Operation for Ap-
pendicitis Did Not Avail.

DIED IN ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

END CAME UNEXPECTEDLY, BUT
PEACEFULLY, AT 7:50 O'CLOCK
THIS MORNING.

HIS WIFE WAS BY HIS SIDE.

There Was a Decided Improvement in
His Condition Last Night,
Followed by a Sudden
Sinking.

Judge George B. Macfarlane of the State Supreme Court died at St. Luke's Hospital at 7:50 o'clock Saturday morning.

His death at that hour was so unexpected to the family and friends that only Mrs. Macfarlane was at his bedside when he passed away.

Until a late hour Friday night there had been apparent signs of improvement. Ex-Gov. Francis called at 8 o'clock, and after a few moments' conversation with the Judge



JUDGE GEORGE B. MACFARLANE.

went home, impressed with the idea that there was plenty of room for hope.

Judge Barclay left the hospital at 10 o'clock, convinced that the patient had nearly passed the critical point.

Ex-Attorney-General Slater, Morton F. Jourdan and Judge J. McD Trimble were with the sick man until 11 o'clock, and they thought their friend had splendid chances for recovery.

Early Saturday morning, Judge Macfarlane opened his eyes from what had been a series of restless naps, looked about the room and then seemed to drop gently to sleep. The nurse and the family thought it a good time for the Judge's sons to get breakfast. They went across the street to a restaurant and had scarcely been seated when a telephone message summoned them to return. They made all possible speed, but when they reached the room their father was dead. Heart failure was the cause.

Within an hour there was a distinguished gathering at St. Luke's Hospital including Ex-Gov. Francis, ex-Gov. Stone, ex-Supreme Judge Shepard Barclay, J. M. Wood, ex-Attorney-General R. F. Walker, Judge J. McD Trimble of Kansas City, Morton F. Jourdan, Mayor Silver of Jefferson City and C. B. Gerhart of St. Louis. There were tears in the eyes of all these men as they greeted each other and talked of their sorrow over the death of their friend.

Within another hour it had been arranged for the family and friends to Mexico, where the dead jurist will be buried. The car will be attached to the regular Wabash train Sunday morning and reach Mexico at noon.

It was the Judge's illness, expressed since his illness became critical, that his body should be for one day in the Presbyterian Church at his old home, so that all his neighbors and boyhood friends might come and say farewell to him.

In compliance with that wish the body will be in state at Mexico until Monday morning, when funeral services will be held. The Judges of the Supreme Court, Ex-Gov. Francis and all other officers will go from Jefferson City Monday morning and attend the final ceremonies.

Several of the St. Louisans who were at the hospital Saturday, including ex-Gov. Francis, are expected to leave for Mexico.

CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.

JACK TRACEY'S FALL FROM GRACE.

Thirty Years of Virtue and
Then Oblivion.

WAS ALL DUE TO TOBACCO.

SMOKED TWO PIPES FULL FOR
THE FIRST TIME AND BE-
CAME UNCONSCIOUS.

THE WEDDING POSTPONED.

On His Way South to Marry the
Daughter of a Wealthy Planter,
When He Was Tempted
to Use the Weed.

Two pipes full of strong tobacco came near being the undoing of Jack Tracey. Had he not attempted to learn to smoke after reaching the age of discretion, he would not have found it necessary to postpone his wedding.

Mr. Tracey's home is in Bement, Ill., where he is a furniture dealer. He is an active church worker and is a shining light in the Methodist Sunday-school. He is 30 years old, and has no bad habits. Strong drink he never touched and tobacco in none of its forms ever tempted him until he came to St. Louis.

The City Hospital never sheltered a sicker man, and when he was finally relieved there was no question about his sincerity when he vowed that never again would he use tobacco in any form.

Tracey was picked up on the street, where he had fallen. He was unconscious and at the dispensary it was thought he was suffering from uremia. A more careful investigation was made at the City Hospital and it was discovered he was suffering from acute nicotine poisoning. Emetics were administered and hypodermic injections of aromatic spirits of ammonia were given. He was finally restored.

Tracey told the hospital doctor that he was on his way to the South, where he was going to be married. He was accompanied by his friend, Clarence Townley, who was to be his best man at the wedding. He was to marry Ella Hunter, a daughter of a wealthy planter, who lived near Corinth, Miss.

Tracey said he had never taken a drink and neither smoked nor chewed.

Last summer Miss Hunter visited in Northern Illinois. She attended the church in which Tracey is an active member. They were introduced, and each found favor in the other's eyes. Miss Hunter prolonged her visit, and late last fall, when she returned to her Southern home, she and Tracey were betrothed.

The wedding day was set and Tracey and his bosom friend started on their journey. They stopped for a day or two in St. Louis to make some purchases. Townley is an inveterate smoker, and in his valise he had two pipes. Both were old and his tobacco was as strong as his pipes.

Tracey was nervous and kept pacing the street. One of the pipes was filled and handed to him. He smoked it and puffed away like a steam locomotive, but he did not feel the pipe when only the ashes remained.

When the second pipe was exhausted Tracey was almost in the same condition, but he was ashamed of his weakness. He made some excuse and left the room. On the street he became deathly sick. He started for a drug store, but was overcome before he reached it.

When he regained consciousness at the hospital he asked that his friend be sent for. Townley, who had been worried, came promptly. Tracey said that though the wedding would have to be postponed, he was anxious to reach Corinth as early as possible, and at his own request he was discharged. The hospital doctors say they never saw a worse case of nicotine poisoning.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.

FAIR AND WARMER.

For St. Louis and vicinity—Fair Saturday night and Sunday; warmer Sunday.

For Missouri—Fair Saturday night and Sunday; warmer Saturday night and Sunday.

For Illinois—Generally fair Saturday night and Sunday; warmer in the northwest portion Saturday night; warmer in the east and central portions Sunday.

DE LOME LAUGHS AT THE EASY WAY HE DUPED M'KINLEY AND MR. DAY.

The Ohioans No Match for the Wily Spaniard in
the Ways of Diplomacy.

BUT A CHANGE MAY COME OVER
THE SPIRIT OF HIS MERRIMENT



IT MAKES HIM LAUGH.

The State Department Says the Incident Is Not Closed and the Cabinet Is Unanimous on This Point.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—De Lome makes merry over the opera bouffe diplomacy of McKinley and Day. What poor, forgotten Secretary Sherman thinks when he silently views the child's play of the President and the Assistant Secretary, who has superseded him, might not read well if put into print. Mr. Sherman says "Damn" with emphasis some times. The American public must suck its thumbs and make the best of the situation. It has been "done" to a nice brown.

Senor De Lome has received important advices from Madrid. They were addressed to him privately, but nevertheless were in the cipher of the Spanish Government. They were very pleasing, and De Lome laughs.

Senor De Lome is said to have been informed that Spain thanked him for his services; that his day of usefulness is not over, and that when he returns he would find a seat waiting for him in the Cortes, where he would be of the utmost value to Spain. He has decided to go immediately to his home district and stand for election. This will give him the prestige of a popular vindication, and his expenditure of \$600,000 from his wife's fortune to aid the Spanish cause here will be remembered gratefully.

There is a plain disposition on the part of the Administration to shift responsibility for the diplomatic defeat by De Lome onto Minister Woodford. The claim is made that the American Minister has not been sufficiently firm or energetic in handling the matter and the Administration is not positive about the time the various messages reached Madrid, and it is considered possible that by prompt action Woodford could have frustrated the acceptance of De Lome's resignation before the request for his recall was presented.

The State Department officials now do not conceal their regret that they did not act with promptness and send De Lome's passports to him. It is alleged that they confessed that they entertained the slightest suspicion that De Lome would have been able to secure the acceptance of his resignation his passports would have been sent him by messenger Wednesday afternoon. But the department having thus been outgeneraled, De Lome became a private citizen, and out of reach of punishment. No wonder De Lome laughs.

Not only because of De Lome's attack on the President was prompt action by Mr. McKinley permissible, but in the words of a disinterested diplomat:

"The fact is President McKinley and Assistant Secretary Day let this incident get away from them. Their plain duty when Senor De Lome acknowledged that he was the author of the letter in question, and thereby acknowledged that the promises of Spain to the United States made by him were for the simple purpose of delay, was to have given him his passports. They hesitated. During the interval they learned that De Lome had resigned. They were powerless, and it would be difficult to find a method to restore De Lome as a factor in the controversy."

THE INCIDENT NOT CLOSED.

The State Department says the De Lome incident is not closed. Serious consequences may yet follow. De Lome's letter contained sentiments which Spain must officially disavow. Further, the letter distinctly implied that the present autonomy plan and talk of a commercial treaty was insincere on the part of Spain, and only for effect. Spain must give proof that her Minister misrepresented her. This is said to have been the unanimous conclusion of the Cabinet at yesterday's meeting, though no definite action was taken pending the hearing from Minister Woodford. Assurances to this effect were made to the President.

Minister Woodford has not yet been specifically instructed to demand from Spain the necessary explanations. The delay is because Gen. Woodford closed his cablegram of last night with the words:

"Full report to follow."

It is expected that this report will contain expressions of disavowal of De Lome's utterances. The State Department officials believe this detailed communication from Minister Woodford will be received to-day. Until that information comes no further step will be taken at the State Department.

But a different situation exists at the Spanish Legation. De Lome having spat upon the President and "rubbed it in," the Charge d'Affaires determined to keep up the merry chastising. He is Senor du Bosc.

His first official act, following the presentation of his telegraphic credentials, was to file a charge at the State Department that the Canalejas letter was stolen from the mails while in the jurisdiction of the United States. That is not exactly what his communication alleged, but it was a formal statement that his Government had instructed him to investigate the loss of the De Lome-Canalejas letter in the mails, and to this end he requested the cordial co-operation of the United States.

There is much behind this. The United States recently made complaint that the sanctity of the mails was not respected within the Cuban jurisdiction. The American Consuls have made such statements time and again and complained of the loss of newspapers, letters and packages sent to them under their proper official addresses. By this shrewd move the burden is shifted from the Spanish to the American Government.

These charges were general and only a general investigation was possible. In this instance a particular act and a particular set of officers are involved. The American people has sucked its thumbs a brief spell it will have ab-

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.

THE FATE OF A STALWART L. A. W. DELEGATE WHO TRIED TO WEAR EVERYBODY'S SOUVENIR.



When Mr. Biker came to town To talk of wheels and pedals, He kept a eye out constantly For the L. A. W. pins and medals.

But oh, he had no thought that they Would be so thrust upon him; At every man he met would want To pin a medal on him.

Said each: "Ah, brother, here you are! I'm sorry this to trouble you; But here's a badge—pray put it on; It's from the L. A. W."

So Mr. Biker very soon Was loaded down with medals Pertaining to the wheeling craft, Of shape of bikes and pedals.

And when he took the train he cried: "O Peace, how can I win you? By George, I guess I'll have to move To Whipplesburg, West Virginia!"

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THAT GRIDIRON GRAB.

The North and South railway grab was "jammed through" the Council by methods scarcely less disgraceful than those adopted for its previous passage.

What will the Mayor do with the grab? It is needless to recount the objections to the measure. It gridirons the city through a franchise which may be turned at once into a most profitable speculation by the promoters of the scheme. When the city is suffering for funds it conveys to private persons several millions of franchise values.

Two city officials—City Counselor Marshall and Councilman Wiggins—charged that corrupt means were employed to secure the first passage of the bill.

Will the Mayor protect the people or stand by the bootleggers and franchise grabbers?

The circulation of The Post-Dispatch last Sunday was 115,773.

There are 20,000,000 reasons why the spoilsman do not want the merit system adopted by the people.

THE CLIMAX OF THE DRAMA.

Addressing Gen. Pelieux as he left the witness stand in the diverting legal farce now being enacted at the Paris Assizes, Emile Zola exclaimed: "You, General, made your campaign, but I will bequeath to posterity the name of Emile Zola, and posterity will be my judge!"

This is the climax of the drama. Zola has got about all he can get out of his trial. It is vain for him to expect justice in the ridiculous proceedings in court. The judges rule that witnesses may testify only to irrelevant matters; the witnesses make eloquent speeches to the jury; the defendant interlards the proceedings with dramatic exclamations; the advocates thank witnesses for their eloquent testimony; occasionally the spectators take possession of the courtroom and discuss the case until they are black in the face, and the mob supplies a lurid background for the melodrama.

But Zola ought to be fairly well satisfied. To be sure, he might choose a more dignified martyrdom than being spit upon—lynching, for example; but he has had the opportunity publicly to bequeath his name to posterity and to appeal to its judgment, and that is the apogee of the Frenchman's ambition.

Dreyfus may never be released, but Zola will be apotheosized, when the vivacious Frenchmen realize the generosity of his legacy to their children.

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For people who claim to be the most polished on earth the Parisians are free with their spittle in public places.

SIGNIFICANT INFORMATION.

The Adams Express Co. has just divided \$12,000,000—equal to 100 per cent dividend on their holdings—to its stockholders.

In explanation of this distribution of numerous dividends it is said that bonds have been issued to cover surplus assets in order to take them out of the reach of Western assessors.

The stock of the Standard Oil Co. has suddenly risen in value \$25,000,000, owing to a plan of issuing trust certificates, which relieves the various plants of the company from taxation.

These two pieces of information are interesting and significant. They indicate the manner in which corporation privileges may be abused.

Trust devices may be used to cheat the tax payers. They show the people how they are being beaten by legal trickery in the interest of trusts and corporations.

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There will be general agreement with the Cabinet's conclusion that Spain must disavow the statements and sentiments of the De Lome letter. But it is not so much the disavowal as it is a pity it is not risked on the broad ground of justice and humanity, and not on a quarrel over the foolish utterances of a diplomatic lackey.

NOW FOR EFFICIENT FENDERS.

The Post-Dispatch has won its fight for vestibules to the street cars. The motormen will be protected from the freezing blasts and be able with more certainty to avoid collisions and other accidents. But the fight for effective fenders is yet to be won. The Post-Dispatch secured the passage of the ordinance requiring the use of fenders, but the Board of Public Improvements practically nullified the law by accepting fenders of inferior make.

Within the last week a life has been lost in St. Louis by being ground out under a street car. The Post-Dispatch promised that no "accident" of this kind should pass without a protest against rotten fenders. There is not a really effective life-saving fender in use to-day on St. Louis street cars. The best fender used lacks a part of the equipment considered necessary by its designers and its makers.

How long in this ignoring of the public welfare to continue? The street car companies deserve credit for complying with the law, though tardily, in the matter of vestibules. Will they not now further court public good will by placing

effective fenders on all cars? Such fenders will be more necessary than ever when the vestibules are in use, as the motormen will be unable quickly to reach over and aid in saving the lives of persons in danger of being run over.

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The fact that the City Hall cost \$550,000 over the estimates suggests the explanation of the determination of the municipal officials not to submit the merit system to the people.

THE ONLY COURSE.

The Council Committee on Legislation acted wisely in taking the warning of the Post-Dispatch against the scheme to strangle the merit system amendment at last night's Council meeting.

Deliberation should convince the committee that the only course open to it is a favorable report on this amendment.

If Mayor Ziegenheln is wise he will exert all of his influence in favor of the submission of the merit system to the people. The Administration cannot afford to suppress a reform amendment providing a system to secure honesty and efficiency in the municipal service as an introduction to amendments looking to the raising and expending of enormous sums for public work.

But one motive could be ascribed for the throttling of the amendment—fear that the people will adopt it.

But one cause could be found for this fear—desire to keep in the hands of dollars spoilsman the expenditure of millions of dollars for public work.

To ignore the petition of nearly 50,000 citizens under such circumstances would not only be an outrage, but a piece of stupendous folly.

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Considering the downward tendencies of property prices the estimated St. Louis valuation of \$345,000,000 is remarkable. We must have been making a great deal of progress even in the dull times of last year.

The Ohio preponderance in the Government is as visible to the people of other States as it is to the sarcastic Senator who has been representing Spain at Washington and playing with Mr. McKinley.

Young Leiter should be thankful that his wheat is not in Italy, where a host of hungry men have seized the cornered grain of an ambitious politician and fed themselves.

President Dole was no doubt surprised to find here so much opposition to annexation. More is known of the real Hawaiian situation than he had expected.

The Spanish bondholders should rebuke De Lome for writing so abusive a letter in regard to one who has given so much consideration to their interests.

After doing the bidding of the Administration in everything else, why should Speaker Reed pause at the Hawaiian absurdity?

Gov. Tanner of Illinois is quite right in saying that the murders in Cuba should cease, but so should the robberies in Illinois.

Spanish ships might make trouble for some of our coast cities, but in the end Spain would have to pay for what she did.

The Senate made an effective demand for an apology from Spain by doubling the appropriation in the fortification bill.

It is better to be chilly in the States than to be frozen in Alaska. A realization of this truth would save many lives.

There is much astonishment in Ohio at the suddenness with which Senor de Lome dropped a good office.

The administrator who strangles the merit system wants to hold the people by the throat.

The history of the old new City Hall is a history that must not be allowed to repeat itself.

POST-DISPATCH SNAP SHOTS.

Go home, go home, Dupuy de Lome. And tell 'em that we sent you. A little more and Uncle Sam Across his knee had bent you.

King Hickey is dead, with no "Vive le Roi." We should at least "make it hot" for the Stove Trust.

When all Europe cooks Indian meal Uncle Sam will be the world's conqueror.

Spain has the ships and has some men, but she hasn't the money.

De Lome should have waited a little and made a letter a valentine.

Between Trinidad and his wife's dad the Baron Harden-Hickey could no longer endure his existence.

Oom Paul's remarkable throat whiskers are quite as formidable as the mane that the British lion sports.

The Government's receipts have increased this month. Have more high tariffs ordered hats from London?

When the Spanish Minister called his poliostrator letter did he say to himself, "Let 'er go, Gallagher," or "Letter rip?"

The New York 40 are to appear at a dance as vegetables, though it is quite likely that some of them would show up better as weeds.

As Tauschenau has gone to join Karcageorgewitch, trouble is looked for at Belgrade. Perhaps it will be only trouble with the alphabet.

The 20 floats for the Milwaukee carnival are to be built in St. Louis. The big show town's experience has become valuable to other cities.

A Chicago statesman is finding himself opposed, though he owns more saloons than any other politician in the city. This is a truly peculiar situation and must be a great surprise to other Windy citizens than the statesman.

A Chicago fruit dealer has been fined for covering his fruit with red tartaric acid, which concealed its defects. Just how to profitably dispose of decayed fruit without putting it on the consumer is a problem that has made trouble for centuries.

The son-in-law of a Standard Oil magnate has committed suicide, leaving a written denunciation of his wife's wealthy father. It is always best for a young bridegroom to have his own bank account. The experienced millionaire often falls short of being a loving father-in-law. He is quite too practical.

ANOTHER KIDNAPPING OPPORTUNITY.

From the Springfield (Mo.) Republican.
If some kind-hearted detective will kidnap Hugh Brady St. Louis might yet be classed as a respectable place.

THE DAILY MAGAZINE

OUR LIVING PICTURES.



PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN.

This is a picture of the Catholic Cardinal in New South Wales, who has astonished patriotic Celts by coming out in opposition to the celebration of the centenary of the Irish rebellion of 1798.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

His Ma: How was the party, Thomas?
Tommy: Great!
His Ma: I trust my little son behaved himself like a perfect gentleman.
Tommy: You bet I did! I kissed every girl in the room.

DIPLOMATIC DESCRIPTION.



Miss Price: You have seen George's wife. What is she like?
He: I might if I were talking to George.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

(This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give or a subject of general interest to discuss, or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Letters from persons seeking employment cannot be given place in this column.)

Poor Car Service.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
I desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Suburban road carries refrigerator cars, guaranteed to freeze you stiff on the run from Sixth to Hamilton avenue.
Another stroke of economy practiced by this management. About 10 o'clock they turn off the lights at the various stations along the line. The poor belated traveler who realizes that this is not the Paris of America may land in mud a foot deep, or he may meet a footpad in the dark, who asks him to elevate his hands.
This line of cars commands the patronage of many of the best people in St. Louis, who suffer in silence rather than ask questions that may be answered harshly.
BEN BROCK, St. Louis.

That \$20,000,000 Proposition.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
It is nothing but a bunce game that is now being played by the Ziegenheln administration on the property owners of this city with reference to street improvements.
A moment's reflection will show that what is now proposed to be done by the administration is a physical and financial impossibility. Twenty millions of dollars in street improvements in one year means a cost to the city treasury for surveys, plans, estimates, grading, etc., of \$2,000,000. There are not surveyors, draughtsmen or engineers enough in the city of St. Louis to perform the labor incident to an execution of \$2,000,000 worth of street, alley and sewer work, let alone \$20,000,000. It would take a building as large as the old City Hall to accommodate the army of people who would be employed in the technical work alone.
Twenty millions is more, if I am not mistaken, than has been expended in 20 years under Turner, Burnett, Murphy and Milner's administrations in the Street Department. The people are being played for fools.
PROPERTY OWNER, St. Louis.

The Hired Girl's Woes.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
There are men who kick about girls working in the factory. It is no wonder that they will not go out as servants when they are asked about 500 questions, such as "What is your name?" "Where do you live?" "How old are you?" "Have you a beau?" "How many times does he come to see you?" "Have you brown eyes?" "Have you a quick temper?" "Are you a Protestant?" "Do you go out at night?" "How many times?" "What wages?"
I have forgotten half of the questions they ask. I don't blame the girls, who are always asked these questions, but I blame the men who ask them. They should send for me, but I'll never go there any more.
A CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.

From a St. Louis Woman in Alaska.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
I am homesick for something to read so send for your paper.
There are men who kick about girls working in the factory. It is no wonder that they will not go out as servants when they are asked about 500 questions, such as "What is your name?" "Where do you live?" "How old are you?" "Have you a beau?" "How many times does he come to see you?" "Have you brown eyes?" "Have you a quick temper?" "Are you a Protestant?" "Do you go out at night?" "How many times?" "What wages?"
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A CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.

Light on the Leap Year Question.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
In your answers to correspondents yesterday you say to "A Reader": "Yes, the year 1900 will be a leap year."
Go it will in Russia, but not in the rest of the civilized world. The Julius Caesar leap year puts in place of the year 1826. He then decreed that only such century years as are divisible by 400 should be leap years. England adopted his calendar in 1752.
ANOTHER READER, East St. Louis, Ill.

WHY PLANTS GROW UPWARD.

The direction of growth of root and stem is not a merely accidental one. A number of investigators have been at work to see what is the cause of this diametrically opposed growth in stem and root. It has been suggested that the action of gravitation would take some part in the guidance of the roots. This is, in fact, the apparent tendency of the following experiments:



Beane have been made to germinate when placed on the circumference of an iron or wooden wheel, the most rapid growth being toward the center of the wheel, and the slowest toward the periphery. In calling upon a young woman it is improper and impolite to enter the house smoking. But when spending the evening with her sweetheart, a man may, with her permission, smoke in moderation.

ETIQUETTE FOR SMOKERS.

It is improper, impolite and unhealthy to smoke at breakfast.
No man should smoke in a nursery or bedroom. Nor should he smoke in a drawing room or a lady's parlour, unless with her special permission. No man, even in his own home, should talk to any member of his family with a cigar in his mouth in such a way as to carelessly blow the smoke in their faces.

A man should never walk with a woman on the street while he is smoking. Neither should he bow to a woman with a cigar in his mouth.
It seems almost needless to say he should never smoke in a closed carriage when taking a young woman and her chaperon to a dance.
It is improper and impolite to stop when coming out of a theater with a lady to light cigar or cigarette, leaving her unprotected meanwhile. In calling upon a young woman it is improper and impolite to enter the house smoking. But when spending the evening with her sweetheart, a man may, with her permission, smoke in moderation.

SYMPTOMS.

"Are you troubled with deafness and roaring in your ears?"
"Well, doctor, I'm deaf, of course, but it is the people who talk to me that are troubled with roaring in my ears."—Chicago Record.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

"Good mornin', Mr. Johnson."
"Good mornin', sah. Excuse my not shakin' hands."

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QUITE NATURAL.



Glady: I like Jack Riches to call on me.
Daisy: I don't.
Glady: Of course not, dear; you'd rather have him call on you.

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SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

20 words or less, 5c.
 ARCHITECTURAL DRAFTSMAN—Wants situation, has 7 years' experience, capable of getting up any kind of working drawings and specifications; will work for \$35 per month. Ad. R. 882, Post-Dispatch.

BARTENDER—Wants position; 7 years' experience; well recommended; place must have salary; would leave city. Ad. R. 888, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Young man wants situation as bookkeeper; able to keep any kind of books; good references. Ad. T. 124, 124 Wyoming st.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted situation by bookkeeper; 15 years' exp.; salary, \$60 month; best city refs. Ad. G. 879, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER—Wants work in exchange for groceries; room rent or bedroom set; married and must have work. Ad. E. 964, Post-Dispatch.

CLERK—Wanted, situation by young man to do office work; thoroughly experienced and reliable; writes good hand. Ad. W. 807, Post-Dispatch.

COOK—Wanted, sit. by reliable, sober man as cook or porter; not afraid of work of any kind; is now employed by T. R. A. 323 Montrose ave.

DESIGNER—Cutter and fitter for ladies' garments; 10 years' practical experience as general cutter and designer. C. Wagner, 20 Montcalm W. Detroit, Mich.

ENGINEER—Wanted, position as engineer or millwright or both; factory or mill; country; good references. Ad. H. 881, Post-Dispatch.

ENGINEER—Wanted, situation by licensed engineer who is not afraid of work; good all-round man. Ad. W. 881, Post-Dispatch.

ENGINEER—Wanted, situation by a first-class licensed engineer who thoroughly understands electrical lighting and elevators. B. Wilson, 691 S. Broadway.

GARDENER—Middle-aged all-round man wants position; milk and attend to horses; reliable and honest; references. Ad. G. 881, Post-Dispatch.

JANITOR—Wanted, situation as janitor, porter or valet by a Southern colored man; bright, good worker, refs. Ad. S. 28, 28th st., 21 floor.

MACHINE—Wanted, situation by machinist in shoe factory to repair machinery. Ad. E. W. H. 2001 Taylor.

MAN—A man attending school would like a place to work for both evenings and evenings. Ad. G. 881, Post-Dispatch.

MAN—A young married man wishes a situation of any kind. Ad. D. Dumer, 2804 Illinois ave.

MAN—A man with best reference wants job of watching, willing to do anything for a good job. Ad. O. 889, Post-Dispatch.

MAN—Middle-aged man wishes situation of any kind; wages in object; best of references. P. Hahn, 1910 S. Broadway.

MAN—Wanted, situation by young man, 20 years old, as office or shop clerk; good habits; city or country; can furnish references. Ad. E. 936, Post-Dispatch.

MAN—Wanted, situation at anything by bright young man; good at figures; educated, energetic, honest; moderate salary. Ad. E. 885, Post-Dispatch.

MAN—Wanted, situation by strictly sober married man, 23 years' steady work if possible. E. R. 1, 1507 Washington ave., basement.

MAN—Young man who speaks German and English wishes situation with private family, hotel or restaurant. Ad. H. 825, Post-Dispatch.

MEAT CUTTER—Wanted, situation by first-class meat cutter; best of refs.; no objection to country. Ad. W. 966, Post-Dispatch.

PENMAN—Wanted, by a rapid and elegant penman, envelopes addressed at 5c per 1000. Ad. C. 886, Post-Dispatch.

PHARMACIST—Registered pharmacist, 15 years' experience, capable of doing the best of references. In Missouri or Arkansas; best refs.; city or country. Ad. B. 885, Post-Dispatch.

PORTER—Middle-aged man wants situation as porter or waiter; city or country; best reference. Ad. C. 879, Post-Dispatch.

PORTER—Wanted, a sit. as a general porter; can cite city refs. 1318 N. 9th st.

PRINTER—Wants a position in St. Louis on paper or in job office; will go to country; young man; must have work. Ad. N. 911, Post-Dispatch.

PRINTING—Wanted, sit. 5 years' experience; country preferred, as printer, editor or foreman; recommendations; C. F. Forward, Evening News, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SALESMAN—Wanted, situation as clothing and suit salesman; reliable; good references. Ad. H. 887, Post-Dispatch.

SALESMAN—Wanted, position as salesman with reliable wholesale grocery house by a young man well known throughout the city; best of references; state salary. Ad. X. 882, Post-Dispatch.

WATCHMAN—Man wants situation as watchman; strictly sober; can furnish the best of references. Apply at 1510 N. 10th st.

WAGONMAKER—Wanted, steady work by a first-class wagonmaker of 20 years' experience; direct all communications to E. C. Lane, New Hampton, Mo.

WINDOW TRIMMER—Wanted, situation by first-class window trimmer and all-round trimmer; good man. Ad. G. 877, Post-Dispatch.

YOUNG MAN—Wishes situation of any kind; wages in object; best of references. Ad. L. H. 1010 S. Broadway.

YOUNG MAN—Married, wants work of any kind; city or country. Joe Fred Smith, 2207 N. Broadway.

\$2.50 UP—Pants to order, Merette Tailoring Co., 212-217 N. 9th.

\$10.00 UP—Suits and Overcoats to order, Merette Tailoring Co., 212-217 N. 9th.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Business Announcements, 10c per line.
 14 words or less, 10c.

BARBER Trade thoroughly taught in 8 weeks, and situations or loans furnished; write for free catalogue, giving all particulars. Moore's System Barber College, 1107 Pine st.

BARBER—Wanted—Good barber for Saturday and Sunday. 1504 Cedar.

BARBER—Wanted—Strictly first-class barber. 6 N. 10th st.

BLACKSMITH—Wanted—First-class blacksmith on light wheels. Apply Manure & Tebbitts, 10th and Spruce.

BOY WANTED—An experienced boy for painting. Call 3068 Marfitt av.

BOY WANTED—Errand boy. 511 Pine st., room 24.

CARPENTER—Wanted—Good carpenter with good tools; one who understands and specializes in putting in metal meat; send 2 stamps for particulars. Commercial Advertising Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

DENTIST WANTED—A good plate worker. Apply Boston Steam Dental Rooms, 415 N. Broadway.

DISHWASHER—Wanted—Experienced dishwasher and young man as waiter. German. 821 N. 8th st.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED—420 weekly; position permanent; distributing circulars, samples, taking orders, bill posting, etc.; send 2 stamps for particulars. Commercial Advertising Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

DON'T BE POOR—1 work for A. Gray & Co., 21, Cincinnati, O., selling Royal Plates, playing in metal meat; send 2 stamps for particulars. Commercial Advertising Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOY WANTED—Errand boy. 511 Pine st., room 24.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Business Announcements, 10c per line.
 14 words or less, 10c.

SALESMAN WANTED—Active, to sell to dealers; 800 to 1000 monthly; experience necessary. American Cigar Co., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED—Reliable salesmen to sell lubricating oils and greases; specialty or side line; liberal inducements. The Champion Refining Co.

SALESMEN WANTED—To sell private families; salary and commission. Room 2, 22 N. 4th st.

SOLICITOR WANTED—No. 1 advertising solicitor; part of time on local magazine. Call only from 7 to 8 this evening. F. H. Horn, Hotel Imperial.

TAILOR WANTED—An experienced tailor and all-around tailor. Call or address Cunningham House, 715 Washington st.

WAITER WANTED—At once. Apply 224 and Pine sts.

YOUNG MAN WANTED—Around the house and to be had at 1800 E. 888, Post-Dispatch.

STOVE REPAIRS.

For every stove or range made in the United States to be had at 1800 E. 888, Post-Dispatch.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

20 words or less, 5c.

COOK—Wanted, situation by Swedish woman as first-class cook; best of refs. given. Call at 1406 S. 10th st., private family.

COOK—Colored woman wants place to cook or do general housework. 4227 Kennerly av.

COOK—Sitt. wanted by a first-class cook, washing and ironing included. Call at 1725 Locust st.

COOK—Wanted, by settled colored woman, situation in small family where work is not too heavy; best of refs. Ad. B. 876, Post-Dispatch.

COOK—Girl wants a position to do cooking; no small family; small family; good refs. 31 S. Leonard st.

COOK—Wanted, situation by neat colored girl in a small family. Call or at 2215 Market.

DRESSMAKER—Wanted, situation by dressmaker by day, week or month. 1424 Olive st.

DRESSMAKER—Wanted, sit. by an experienced lady in dressmaker's prior; will work for \$1 per day. Call or at 2727 Bernard st.

DRESSMAKER—Fashionable dressmaker; latest styles; guaranteed work and reasonable prices. 808 Mount st.

GIRLS—Wanted, situations by two reliable colored girls; one as cook, other as housegirl, 2003 Wash. ave.

HOUSEGIRL—Respectable young girl wants work in private family; good habits; city or country; can furnish references. Ad. E. 936, Post-Dispatch.

HOUSEGIRL—Wanted, a sit. to do general or light housework; go home nights; colored. 3046 Locust st.

HOUSEKEEPER—German-American woman desires position as housekeeper; 20 years of age; no objection to children. M. 3334 Minnesota st.

HOUSEKEEPER—An American lady would like a position as housekeeper, city or country; only parties willing to pay good salary need answer. Call at 1800 E. 888, Post-Dispatch.

HOUSEKEEPER—A widow would like a situation in widower's home. Call or address Mrs. W. Jones, 2335 O'Fallon st.

HOUSEKEEPER—An excellent landlady wants 2 days on Monday and Tuesday; best references. Ad. Allen Walker, 4224 Finney av.

LAUNDRESS—A white landlady who is a first-class shirt ironer wants Monday and Tuesday; can give references. 2005 Clark av.

LAUNDRESS—A white landlady who is a first-class shirt ironer wants Monday and Tuesday; can give references. 2005 Clark av.

NURSE—Wanted, situation by a nurse. 3527 N. 11th st.

NURSE—Professional nurse wants situation to take charge of infant. Ad. E. 885, Post-Dispatch.

SEAMSTRESS—Comforts tacked; all kinds of plain sewing promptly and neatly done. Call or address 2023 S. 10th st.

SEAMSTRESS—Sitt. wanted to do plain sewing; 31 S. Leonard st.

SEAMSTRESS—Neat appearing colored seamstress and dressmaker would like work by the day or week. Ad. 508 Cedar st.

STENOGRAPHER—\$5 paid to anyone securing a permanent position for a capable lady stenographer. Ad. P. 881, Post-Dispatch.

WOMAN—A neat colored lady would like work of any kind. Call at 2200 Market st., 21 floor.

STOVE REPAIRS.

Castings and repairs furnished for any stove or range made. J. Forshaw, 111 N. 12th st.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Business Announcements, 10c per line.
 14 words or less, 10c.

BASTERS WANTED—Experienced basters on vests. Call at 2226 S. 11th st.

COOK WANTED—German woman for cooking and laundry work; ref. 3023 West Belle pl.

COOKS please notice—See that your mistress orders her fish, poultry and game from Panik's Fulton Market, 610 O'Fallon st. We clean and dress everything for you.

DINING-ROOM GIRL WANTED—120 S. 12th st.

GIRLS WANTED—Girls to sew by machine on good pants. 2818 Lemay av.

GIRLS WANTED—Two machine girls, two basters and some to learn vest making. 1860 S. 9th st.

GIRL WANTED—Colored girl 12 or 14 years old. 910 N. 20th st.

GIRL WANTED—Small colored girl to wash dishes. 3686 Finney av.

GIRL WANTED—A girl with references. 3044 Pine st.

GIRL WANTED—A girl, about 14, to help in a small family at 3415 Kennerly, near Louisiana.

GIRL WANTED—A girl for general housework with refs. 1425 E. Grand av.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—Little girl for light work; exchange for board and clothes; good home. 612 S. Ewing av.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—Girl for general housework with refs. 1425 E. Grand av.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—A colored girl for general housework; send 2 stamps for particulars. Commercial Advertising Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—A competent girl for general housework; good wages. 1716 Gates av.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—A young girl for general housework in small family. 2500 Thomas st.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—Girl for general housework. 544 Maple av.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—Neat colored girl for general housework; refs. 4066 Morgan st.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—Small girl to assist in housework; white. 4253 Finney av.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—A girl for general housework; refs. 4066 Morgan st.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—A girl for general housework in a restaurant; call at once. 700 Locust st.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—An experienced housemaid as second girl in small family. 1543 Kennerly st.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—Young German girl (preferred), 17 or 18 years old, to do light housework for family of 2; fair wages and good home; references. Apply at once at 4222 A. Olive st.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—A good girl for general housework; must have experience. Apply at 1413 Hickory st.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—A girl for general housework. 2024 St. Vincent.

HOUSEGIRL WANTED—Girl for general housework; good wages. 4033 Fountain av.

NURSE WANTED—Will Miss Sarah Taylor call. 2131 Pine st.

SHUTMAKERS WANTED—On electric power. Ad. C. 805, Post-Dispatch.

WAITRESS WANTED—Experienced young waitress. 310 Olive st.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Business Announcements, 10c per line.
 14 words or less, 10c.

WOMAN WANTED—Single woman for general housework. 424 Morgan st.

WOMAN WANTED—Energetic woman to travel on salary to get agents for superior line of goods. Cornet & Skirt Works, Ann Arbor, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED.

14 words or less, 20c.

AGENTS WANTED—Best gas burner for factory, store or home; sells itself if you show the light; sample by mail, \$2.00; trial dozen, \$1.50; three dozen, by express, \$1.00. Unique Specialty Co., 169 S. Morgan st., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—Knabner's patent aluminum envelope moisture; sells at sight; and 25 cents for sample and circular. W. H. Knabner & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED—Ladies and gents; \$5 per day to sell new invention to prevent ladies' hats from blowing off; sample, 15c; satisfaction guaranteed. Geo. J. Johnson, 886 Decatur st., St. Paul, Minn.

PARTNERS WANTED.

14 words or less, 20c.

PARTNER WANTED—A lady partner in an established business; willing to invest \$5000 investment required. Ad. K. 885, Post-Dispatch.

LOST AND FOUND.

14 words or less, 20c.

Lost.

COLLARETTE—Lost, black fur collarette, edged gray, on south-bound Jefferson Barracks car, Wednesday evening at 8:30. Return to 2714 Franklin av. and receive reward.

COLLARETTE—Lost, black collarette, Thursday, either in the Western House, or between the St. Louis and Kansas City. Liberal reward if returned to 4160 Delmar av.

DUG—Strayed or stolen, a Spitz dog; black hair, white breast and feet; weighs about 25 lbs. Reward if returned to 5062A Delmar bl.

DUG—Lost, for terrier, brown head, white body, black feet; weighs about 15 lbs. Reward if returned to 3556 Washington st.

DUG—Lost, on Thursday, a bobbed-tailed terrier; 17 license No. 1370 on collar; small; black; and white; most desirable; return to 3600 Westminster pl.

SPECTACLES—Lost, pair spectacles in black case, with Pruden, Kansas City, Mo., on same, on 10th st., between 18th, 7th and Holland sts. Return to 815 Holland blvd.

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ROOMS FOR RENT.

14 words or less, 10c.

BIDDLE ST. 1434—Nicely furnished rooms for light housekeeping. \$2 a week; also other rooms. 1434 Biddle st., 2nd floor.

NORTH AND SOUTH BILL PUSHED THROUGH THE COUNCIL.

Eight Men Cast Their Votes for the Grab and the Measure Now Goes to the Mayor—It Means Surrender of 100 Miles of the City's Streets.

FACTS AND NAMES TO REMEMBER.

"I was offered \$3000 to vote for the bill."—Councilman Wiggins.
"If the persons responsible for the North and South Bill had their just deserts every one of them would be in the Penitentiary."—City Counselor Marshall's declaration in open court.

MEN WHO VOTED FOR THE BILL.

Councilmen Brinkmeyer, Carroll, Gast, Gaus, Hagan, Heckel, Kratz, Thuner.

THOSE OPPOSED.

President Meier, Councilmen Horton, Ives, Wiggins and Uthoff.
WHAT WILL THE MAYOR DO?

Mayor Ziegenhain will be given an opportunity to approve or veto the North and South Railroad ordinance. The bill was passed by the City Council Friday night and has already passed the House of Delegates.

The Mayor has ten days in which to pass or veto the bill after he receives it. The North and South Railroad measure has become notorious, and charges of bribery and attempted bribery in its behalf have been testified to by several officials. It has recently been a subject of inquiry by the grand jury, where Councilman Wiggins testified that he was offered \$3000 to vote for the bill.

City Counselor Marshall also declared in open court that if the persons who were responsible for the North and South bill had their just deserts every one of them would be in the penitentiary.

President Meier of the City Council refused to attach his signature to the bill when it passed the Council last June. The Court of Appeals recently ruled that he must do so, but he has appealed to the Supreme Court, and the issue is still pending.

President Meier originally refused to sign the bill on account of irregularities in its career through the Council, but the Court of Appeals recently ruled that he must do so, but he has appealed to the Supreme Court, and the issue is still pending.

The bill was called up unexpectedly last night to the Council, and it was rushed through the Council in a matter of hours. The bill was passed by a vote of 10 to 4.

The direct excuse the majority gave for its rapid action was the following letter:

Honorable President and Members of the City Council:—We would respectfully state that House bill 282, granting rights to the North and South Railroad, has been in the possession of your Railroad Committee for 30 days. We would call your attention to the fact that this bill has been in the possession of your Railroad Committee for 30 days. We would call your attention to the fact that this bill has been in the possession of your Railroad Committee for 30 days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Musick Have Been Married Fifty Years.

William Musick and his wife, Julia A. nee Othausen, will celebrate the golden anniversary of their wedding next Tuesday at Greer's Hall, St. Louis and Marcus avenues. Children, grandchildren and great grandchildren to the number of 30 are expected to be present.

Mr. Musick and his wife were both born in St. Louis. They were married in 1848, and have five sons and five daughters, of whom three are living. John T. W. H., David M., James M. and Fred S. Musick, the sons, all live in St. Louis. The daughters are Mrs. Sophia C. Fane, of St. Louis and Mrs. Emma G. Poole of Chelsea, N. Y.

SPANISH AT TRAINING SCHOOL.

President Woodward has introduced a New Study.

The Manual Training School has added a class in Spanish to its curriculum, owing to the efforts of its President, Prof. Calvin M. Woodward, Mr. C. E. Arnold, a native of France, a linguist of the University of Louvain and who has lived in Spain for several years, has been engaged to teach the class, which consists of 25 pupils.

Applications have been received from many outsiders to join the class, but they will not be considered, as the class from the school will be large enough.

LILLIE LOSES HER LAWSUIT.

She Replevined a Piano From Her Father, but Must Return It.

Lillie League, the independent young typewriter, because her parents wanted her to pay \$4 a week for board, and she thought \$3 was enough, and who then replevined a piano from the parental home, lost her case in Justice Kleber's court Friday afternoon. It was shown that her father bought the piano in 1900, and that she had no right to it. The bill of sale in the girl's name was made out subsequent to its being paid for, and the abstracted bill of sale from among the papers of her father, who is an employee in the City Sanitary Department, and lives in South St. Louis.

VETERANS TO VETERANS.

The Old Boys in Gray Send Largess of Pork to Those in Blue.

The 67 inmates of the Federal Veterans' Home at St. James, Mo., received today a box of backbones, spareribs, jowls and other souvenirs of a hog-killing time, from the Confederate Veterans' Home at Higginville, Mo.

A letter accompanying the present explains that the Confederate Veterans had a hog-killing on Thursday, and in sharing their rations with their one-time enemies they are merely following a precedent set in war times, when it was not uncommon for the soldiers on each side to trade what they had a surplus of for what they were scarce of.

You can either buy, sell or exchange an old or new business. Read the Business For Sale Column in Post Dispatch Wants.



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EXPLORATION FAD REVERSED: WE (UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, GERMANY, RUSSIA.) ARE DISCOVERED!!



TRICKS OF THE TRADE EXPOSED—THE COMEDIAN.

the low comedian of a show,
a few things you would be expected,
e'er took hold, to undergo,
ow by then you would be affected,
Affected,
Or bi-sected!

ould have to learn to tumble down
ghts of stairs without your bones all
ing,
ly without a groan or frown.
ly smile at all the fun you're making,
You're making,
Though aching!

you'd have to learn to dance a jig
e rather ear without outcrying;
song while standing on your wig,
ity of human kind defying,
Defying,
Though dying!

across the stage in just one jump,
e the very next task, brain consuming;
to flip, and tumble in a lump,
ile the drummer sets the base-drum
ing,

A-booming,
And dooming!

try other simple, gentle tasks,
climbing from a box in dress attire,
head foremost in whiskey casks,

Or whirling swift through space clutching a wire,
A wire,
Most dire!

And if you master these, and remain whole,
There's just a chance that you may be succeed-
ing;

There's just a chance that you may reach your
goal,
But likewise to eternity you're speeding,
You're speeding,
Bruised and bleeding!

WHY IT WAS.

Oh, why is the sky so bleak,
O great supernatural pow'r?
Oh, why, please explain,
Art thou sending down rain,
At the rate of two inches per hour?
Oh, blithely it poureth as though
A bucket's the heavenly dome;
The rain's the effect
Of good cause, I suspect,
For I left my umbrella at home.

APPROPRIATE.

"Where shall we spend our honeymoon—
That time with rapture laden?
And as she sat upon his knee,
"In Lapland," said the maiden.

HOW HE BEAT HIS WIFE.



TOMPKINS got married as a civilized man of the end of the nineteenth century, did not propose to stand it. My friends stood by me one and all, and we resolved to go at once to Tompkins's house and teach the brutal wife-beater a lesson that he would remember for the rest of his natural life and through two or three future states as well.

Slowly and cautiously we worked our way across the street, our footsteps muffled in the white carpet spread by the thickly falling snow. We tipped up his front steps and spread out on his front porch, each in a listening attitude. We wanted to catch the villain red-handed. And this is what we heard him say to his sweet young wife, with a burst of fiendish laughter:

"Fifteen two, fifteen four and a double run of eight makes twelve and out—and I've beaten you again, ducky."

The excuse me—fools who were with me laughed out loud, or I should have been able to draw them off undiscovered. As it was, Tompkins and his wife came to the door in amazement, and I could see the little lady across the street laughing until she was ready to cry.

There was only one thing to do under the circumstances, and that I did. I explained that we had assembled to give them a surprise party and would go around and get our wives. No one objected, and the party was duly given. But those mean men made me pay for all the refreshments, and the bill footed up a trifle over \$10—the price of a good A No. 1 winter poem. I have given up hope. I shall never be rich.

A PRACTICAL GIRL.

No castles in the air
For her, she
avers;
An heir in the castle
Is what she
prefers.



THE CHANGES TIME BRINGS.

The day goes by, the night draws on,
Pursues Time his relentless way;
And then the thought comes us upon,
To-morrow to-day'll be yesterday!

'Twould foolish be to sink in sighs,
And trouble morbidly to borrow;
But still we all must recognize
To-day was yesterday to-morrow!

But be stout-hearted, I implore,
And don't be daunted by dismay;
The day before the day before
Was yesterday but yesterday!

Although it seems a metaphor, Oh,
Yet do not be oppressed by sorrow;
The day that follows this to-morrow
Will be to-morrow that to-morrow!

And when to-morrow comes, you see
(It never comes, some people say),
Then yesterday will surely be
The day before that yesterday!

But, turning back to yesterday,
To-morrow then will be, of course,
The day that follows in its way—
A fact it's easy to indorse!

Last week this week was next week, and
Although it brings about some pique,
It is not hard to understand
Next week this week will be last week!

But don't despair. Eternity
Will smooth these wrinkles all away,
For time in course of time will be
One long perpetual to-day!

TRICKS OF THE TRADE EXPOSED—THE JOKE WRITER.

Oh, I love the merry moments when I'm writing
funny jokes,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!
(Although their humor may not appeal to very many
folks),
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

But my gaiety's unbounded, and my style is neg-
ligent,
For I write about two hundred jokes and verses
every day,
And I'll tell you why I do so, if you'll listen to
my lay,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

There's the agent of the landlord, who is standing
at the door,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

He is a man whose coming I especially abhor,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!
I'll promise him I'll pay the rent as soon as I can
sell

Sufficient jokes to get the wherewithal—on which
he'll tell
Me straight to go where it's too hot for any one
to dwell,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

There's the grocer who is "waiting" while I settle
up his bill,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!
And I haven't got the money, and I don't know
when I will,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

The milkman says his patience and my credit
both are spent,
Because, forsooth, for three months past I haven't
paid a cent,
While the butcher and the baker are just simply
insolent,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

My family are sick, besides, and half are on the
shelf,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!
And I can't ignore the fact that I'm not feeling
well myself,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

But the doctor's getting ugly—I don't blame him
much, do you?
And then there is another thing which makes me
rather blue—
My life-insurance premium is pretty nearly due,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

So that is why I think it right to gather in the
mum,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!
And that is why I spread myself exuding lots of
fun,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

It's a commentary curious upon the state of things
That the more the witch Misfortune pertinaciously
clings,
The more the joyous humorist incontinently sings:
"Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!"

DAVID H. DODGE.

THE OLD MAN'S SCHEME.

A curious sight met my gaze as I turned into the
road that leads to Covina. In a ten-acre lot there
were about a hundred men and women of all
ages and sizes, working with feverish haste tear-
ing and uprooting the ground.

The only party who did not appear to be ex-
cited was an old man seated on a boulder in the
shade of a pepper tree, calmly smoking a corn-
cob pipe.

"Howdy, stranger," he exclaimed, as he removed
his pipe, "yer rather late, but hit ain't bin found
yet, so if yer wanten start in ye kin."

"What hasn't been found?"

"Them yaller boys, stranger. That's one hun-
dred thousand dollars out thar in that year field."

"How did it get there?"

"Hit was planted thar by the old Spanish
fathers over two hundred years ago, an' hit's all
in twenty-dollar gold boys, an' hit goes ter the
man who finds hit."

"Nonsense! Don't you know that there wasn't
such a thing as a twenty-dollar gold piece in
those days?"

The old man grinned at me and then said:
"I see that yer on, stranger; but don't give hit
away. Yer see that ten acres belongs ter me, an'
I wanten put spuds in hit, so I jes' started that yer
yarn ter git the field dug up. I reckon that hit
will all be dug up by sundown."

I smiled and rode on.

In the evening I passed the same spot again.
The excitement seemed to have increased and
centred on one spot in the middle of the field. A
huge bonfire lighted up the scene and the dirt was
flying in all directions.

As I was watching the novel scene I was hailed
by the old man from a spot near by. I walked
over to him and discovered that he was tied to a
tree.

"Fer Gawd's sake, untie me, stranger!" he cried.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Matter?" whined the old man. "The matter is
that I am an ole fule! After ye left this mornin'
I got ter worryin' fer fear they wouldn't git the
place dug up before sundown, so I went over an'
added another hundred thousand ter sorter cheer
them up. Wul, darn my hide! while I was a
hoppin' around thar a wavin' my arms an' a
shoutin' to them ter work faster I lost a \$20 gold
piece, an' one of them fules found hit an' hit set
the whole lot plum crazy, an' I was the craziest
of 'em all a tryin' ter make them believe that that
yaller boy was mine. Furst I tried argument, but
they wouldn't listen; then I tried swears; but
they wouldn't listen ter that; then I tried foun-
ter, but they hadn't time ter fout, so they tied me ter
this tree. Stranger, they've got a hole over yon-
der that's fifty feet deep an' goin' deeper every
minute, an' only Gawd knows when they are
goin' ter stop. They've ruined the field, an'
they've ruined me, 'cause that yaller boy was all
I had. But, stranger, I ain't toiled ye the worse
yet! I thought that my ole woman needed a little
exercise so I didn't let her in on the scheme, an'
she's over yander ez crazy ez the rest, a clutchin'
an' clawin' at the dirt like a wild hyena! An'
when night came she went an' sot fire ter the
house so that they could hev a light ter work by!
Stranger, I'm a ruined man, an' if the ole woman
gits on the scheme I'll be a dead one! Fer Gawd's
sake untie me so that I kin leave the country!"

I untied him and he started down the road on
a clean jump, and for aught I know he is run-
ning yet.

JOKE VENDER'S CART—"ERE'S YER FRESH ONES!"

A RESPONSIVE CHORD.

od boils," shouted the orator, "when I
those corporations that oppress the peo-
hand-clapping), those bloated bondhold-
train the life-blood of the nation (slight
and, above all, those haughty pluto-
keep bicyc.e repair shops!" (Long-con-
eering.)

JLLABY.

by,
's in town.
ing now,
ing now
ew gown.
me swear?
't care
won't sleep.
awake,
't shake.
me weep,
some milk?
rants silk.
pt an I.
heave ho!
er go!
ave a cry.
OM HALL.

FOR HIM.

My papa is a
hat does your
— Whatever
says.

DENTAL.

— They say
in love with a
rl.
— I wonder
roke the ice.

G OF CA-
JINES.

m?
what?
ocean grey-
me sort of a



THE EQUALIZER.

Man wants but little
here below.
And it is well that it
is so;
A woman wants for-
ever will
Prove all that one man
can fulfill.

BLAMELESS.

Teacher—You are ac-
cused of striking Jim.
Boy—Oh, teacher, I
didn't do a thing to him!

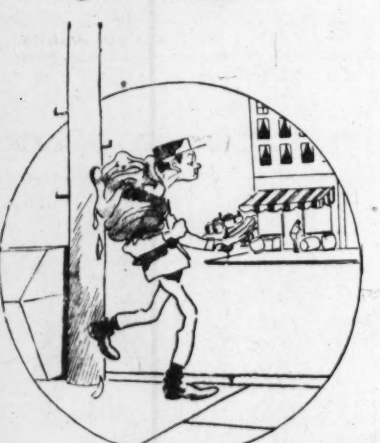
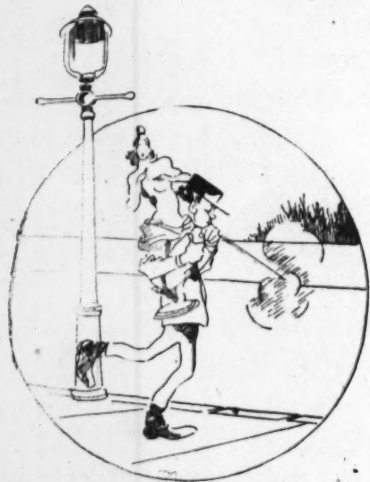
GENIUS CRUSHED AGAIN.

The caller handed the editor a bundle of manu-
script.
"For your humorous column," he said. "My
wife makes fun of my attempts at wit, but I think
you will find this about as good as the stuff you
usually print."
The editor took the manuscript and looked
over it.
"Humph!" he ejaculated. "Your wife makes fun
of your efforts, does she?"
"Y—yes, sir, as a general thing."
"She hasn't seen this lot, has she?"
"No, sir."
The editor handed back the manuscript.
"Please ask her to 'make fun' of this. Then
you may bring it back again. Good day."

A LINGUAL LABYRINTH, AS YOU'LL OBSERVE.

"Erra," began Mrs. Stang the other evening.
"do you think those blifusters—I mean those
fustiblers—er—ah—folibsters?"
"What are you talking about, my dear?" asked
Mr. Stang, looking up from his reading. "Do you
mean fustiblers—h'm! h'm—fustiblers—er—
er—"
"Yes, of course; blifusters—blifusters—oh, dear
me, I can't seem to say it!"
"Why, what you wish to say is blif—er—h'm!"
—that is, full—pahaw!—fati—I mean fusti—Ar-r."
"Yes, busti—gracious alive! Why can't I think
of it? Bisti—I am not going to try it any more,
so there!"
"Teel hee!" chuckled little Rodney. "You mean
silbustlers, don't you? Hoo! That's easy!"
"It is, is it?" snorted his father. "It is time
for you to march off to bed, sir!"
"Now, Maria," continued Mr. Stang, after the
misused lad had crawled reluctantly away, "what
are you going to remark about—ah—silbustlers?"
"I—I have forgotten," answered Mrs. Stang.

FROM GREEK GODDESS TO HINDOO GOD



JIM'S SCHEME.

"Kinder funny 'bout Jim," remarked the storekeeper, as he saw my eye taking in the party asleep in a chair by the stove, "an' I never did understand bit, nohow. Ye see, Jim's married, an' fer two years that woman of his'n bossed him around an' made him work like a nigger, an' Jim never dared ter say a word. Seemed like ez if Jim wuz in fer a pretty hard row, when suddenly hit all changed an' she commenced ter handle him ez if he wuz made of glass. She does all the work, chops the wood, does the chores, an' takes in washin', an' Jim doesn't do a thing but lay around yere an' drink in red-eye."

"Maybe she has experienced a change of heart," I suggested. "Don't ye think hit," replied the storekeeper, "why thar ain't a day but that she breaks some tinker or book agent in two; 'pears like that when she let up on Jim that she started ter clean up the whole neighborhood. She kin lick any three men in the town, an' I'd rather be married to forty wildcats then that female. But, somehow or other, Jim seems ter hev cast a spell over her, an' he kin do jes' what he likes with her. Thar's some kind of mystery about the whole thing."

"Maybe he would like a drink," said I.

"Jim, will ye licker?" said the storekeeper. "Married man?" I asked, after he had swallowed three inches of solid poison.

"Ye bet," he answered. "Stranger, I've got the best woman in the State of Californy."

"I am glad to hear ye say that," I replied. "Yes, but I ain't a'visin' any one ter git married unless they understand wimmen. Now, thar's that ole woman of mine, she's a holy terror, ain't she, Sam?" said he, appealing to the storekeeper.

Sam smiled diplomatically and nodded. "But I understand her, bet yer boots. But before I got my thinker ter workin' she didn't do a thing ter me but make me work like a Turk; but ever since I sprung my scheme on her she's bin ez smooth ez silk ter me."

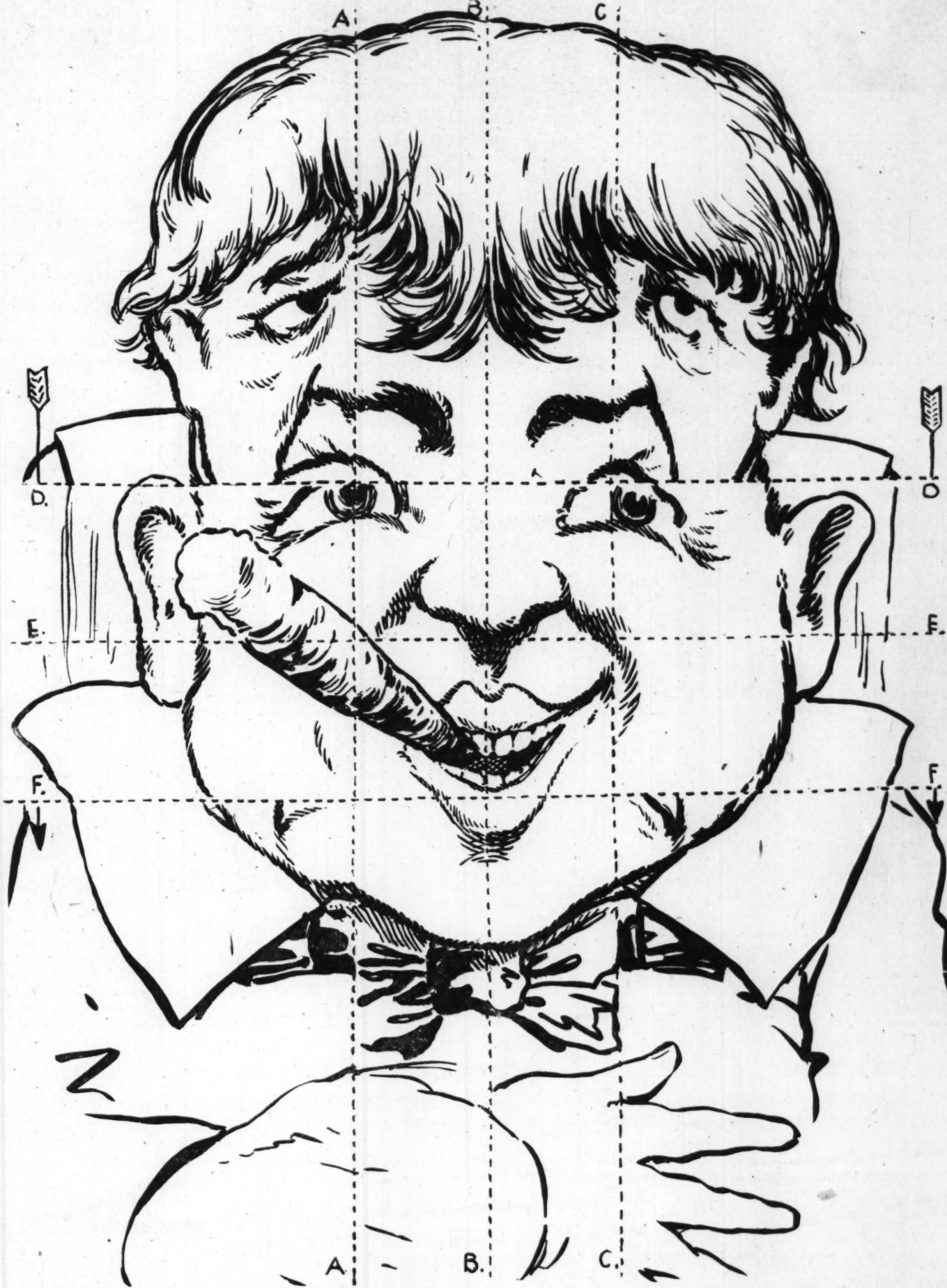
"Ye see, I got an' ole bottle an' labelled hit nitro-glycerine, an' showed hit to her, an' made her believe that I had swallowed the whole billin' mess an' that if I got a sudden jar thar would be an explosion. Stranger, hit worked like a charm. She das't jar me fer fear of an explosion, an' she's got a feather bed fer me ter sleep on an' a cushion chair fer me ter sit on. I've lived in clover ever since. When I want two bits, I go ter the ole woman an' say, 'Give me two bits, ole woman, or I'll sit down on the floor with a jar, an' then thar will be an explosion,' an' she comes right up ter me. Stranger, hit's a great scheme, an' if ye ever git married jes' ye try hit, an' ye'll n'."

The sentence was never finished, for he suddenly found himself in the hands of a 200-pound female, who dragged him out of the store by the ear.

"Hit's his wife," whispered the storekeeper in an awestruck voice; "she's tumbled an' may God save Jim!"

HERE IS A TRICK PICTURE!

Cut It Out and Fold It and You'll See What Happened to Little Willie After He Smoked One of Papa's Cigars.



DIRECTIONS—Take the dotted line A and fold it over to line C, of course hiding from view the space between the two lines and leaving the sheet flat. Then fold line D over to line F, which conceals the space between these lines and "finishes" little Willie in more ways than one.

SAD RESULTS OF HURRY.

"How hasty and incompetent our legislators sometimes are!" "What's the matter now?" "Why, under the pension laws a soldier gets \$75 for each leg cut off and \$50 for each arm. There's not a word about what he gets for his head or the rest of his body."

HEAVY CAPITAL REQUIRED.

"I understand that Lord Deliverus is heavily in debt." "Yes; he is capitalized at two million dollars."

AS USUAL.

Friend—What sort of a hero will your next novel have? Novelist—A new woman.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

A year ago fair Linda Lee Day after day thought but of me; But now 'tis plain that she hez got Intew a different field of thought. Then I wuz courtin' Linda Lee; But now I'm jest her husband. See?

WOMAN'S ADVANCE.

She—Both of them are the social season's buds. He—And they look as if they might become bloomers very gracefully when the bicycle season rolls around.

TOO LARGE.

The Shoemaker—Does that shoe feel tight? Cholly—Not a bit. Cawn't you fix it?

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"My brain is on fire!" tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins as she threw herself down upon the sofa. "Why don't you blow it out?" absent-mindedly replied Bobkins, deeply absorbed in the evening paper. And then he dodged a flying hair-brush.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

She—What's the best kind of fly-paper? He—Greenbacks.

QUITS.

Mrs. Dumjohn—I married you for love, and I did not get it. Dumjohn—Well, we are quits then. I married you for money, and I did not get it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By the Society Editor of the Warhoop Blizzard Buster Bluesee.—It is considered bad form to pick your teeth with a fork at the table anywhere east of St. Louis. If you did this in Chicago the proprietor of the joint had a perfect right to draw on you, although, as you say, the breach of etiquette may not have been noticed by others around you. Because the Kansas City man, on your left, ate his pie with a knife, does not palliate your offense.

Moille O.—Since the young man who liked the forms on our Washington hand press parted his hair in the middle and incidentally conducted the column of "Heart-to-Heart Talks" received a leaden missile in his cardiac region, we have been running his space with plate matter. He will not be able to resume for some time, if at all.

Tenderfoot.—Below you will find explained the colloquialisms about which you ask.

"To draw on a man." This may be done with either a sight draft or a gun. To do it successfully with the latter you should first get the drop.

"Getting the drop." Developing your forty-four before the other man has a chance to get his hand further than the hip. After getting the drop, it is necessary to know what to do with it. Men have been known to bite off more than they could chew in this respect. After getting the drop successfully, it may be necessary to do some planting.

"To plant," meaning to scoop out, to deposit and to scoop back. The term may, or may not, include the erection of a few feet of two-by-four with the name of the plant, date of planting, and by whom planted. But this is optional.

Cork Leg George.—"Pulling a person's leg" is one of those trite expressions which the hot polloi have caught from the four hundred. It is a very fashionable feat the present day. If both your nether extremities are artificial do not take it to heart because you cannot be the recipient of this delicate attention. It is possible for you to be touched in other ways.

Cold Deck Thompson.—If you held four kings and called your opponent and found four more, it is evident that somebody committed a tactical error. You say that you allowed your opponent to rake in the stakes without so much as drawing a knife or showing your hand. Doubtless you did not wish to hurt his feelings. Next time we would advise you to hold out four aces.

Brace Bill.—Some time ago we gave up our "Beauty Talks" and now run toilet recipes in the foot ball column. It is certainly too bad if your countenance is marred by a mole the size of a porous plaster. It strikes us that about the only way to get rid of such a disfigurement would be to get rid of the countenance altogether. However, we have referred your communication to the football editor, and he will give it due attention as soon as he recovers from his last attack of kates-jammer. WILLIAM W. COOK.

CHOLLY, THE KID, AND THE COSTLY MIRR



WHAT A FUNNY WORLD 'TWOULD BE IF POETS REALLY TOLD THE TRUTH.

DIAMOND EYES



TO SADIE.
Your eyes are diamonds, and they shine
Right through my heart—my valentine.
My paradise would be no fool's
Were I the owner of the Jew's

TAPER FINGERS



DYS.
Hold, dear girl,
Tempting fingers;
A power to thrill
Fingers.

SHELL LIKE EARS



TO MAMIE.
I have a secret, pretty one,
Which none but you must hear.
When next we meet I'll whisper it
Right in your shell-like ear.

PRETTY PUSS



TO KITTYE.
You are so gentle and so shy,
To win your love I think I'll try.
You've filled my heart with joy and glee—
Say, pretty puss, will you have me?

ROSE CHEEK.



TO BEATRICE.
O lovely maiden, you're divine,
I'd like to be your valentine;
Or else a bee, for then I'd go
To your cheeks, where the roses grow.

PEARLY MOUTH

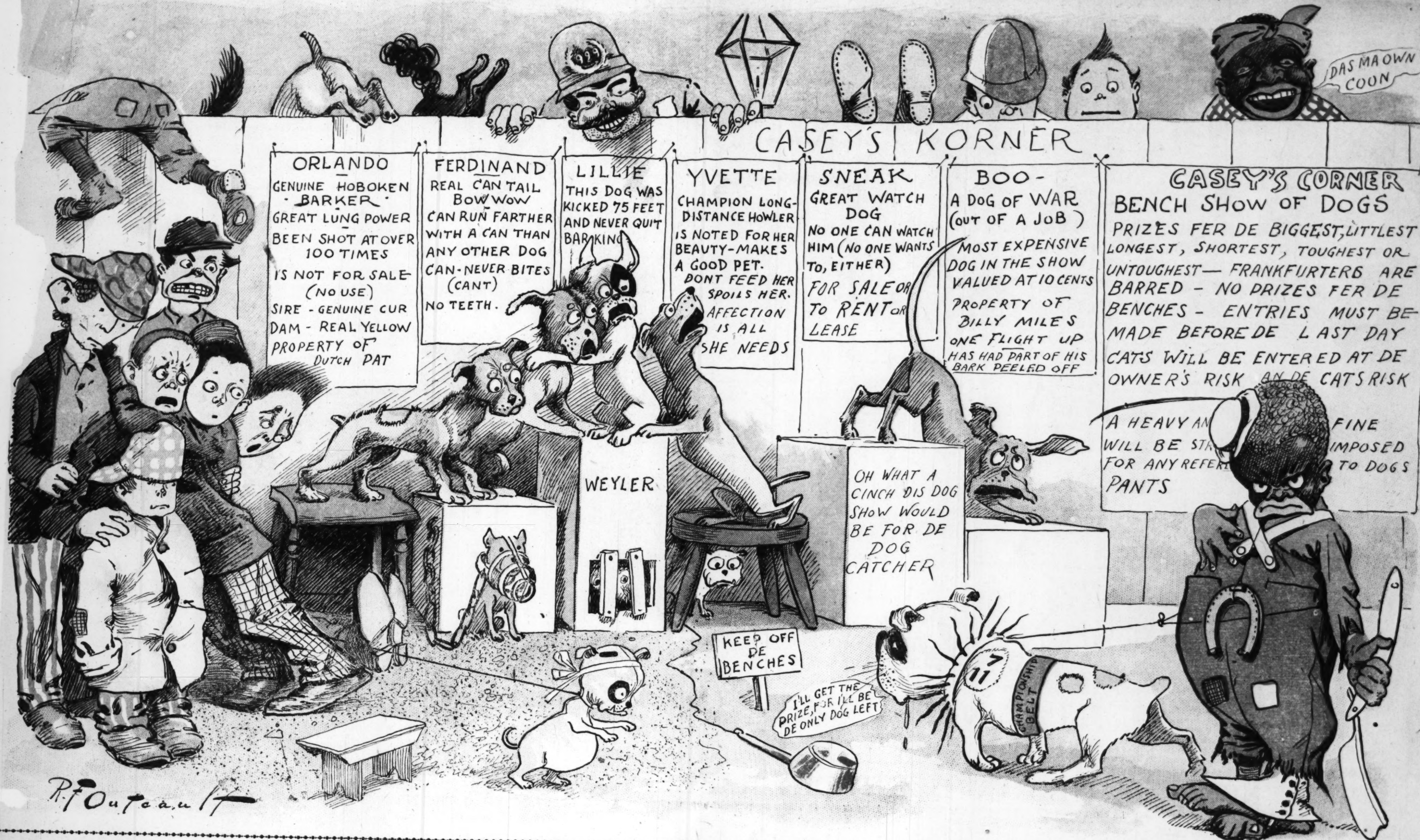


TO ETHEL.
Some girls have store teeth in their heads—
But then you're not like other girls.
You have no Klondike filling, love—
Your mouth is full of pearls.

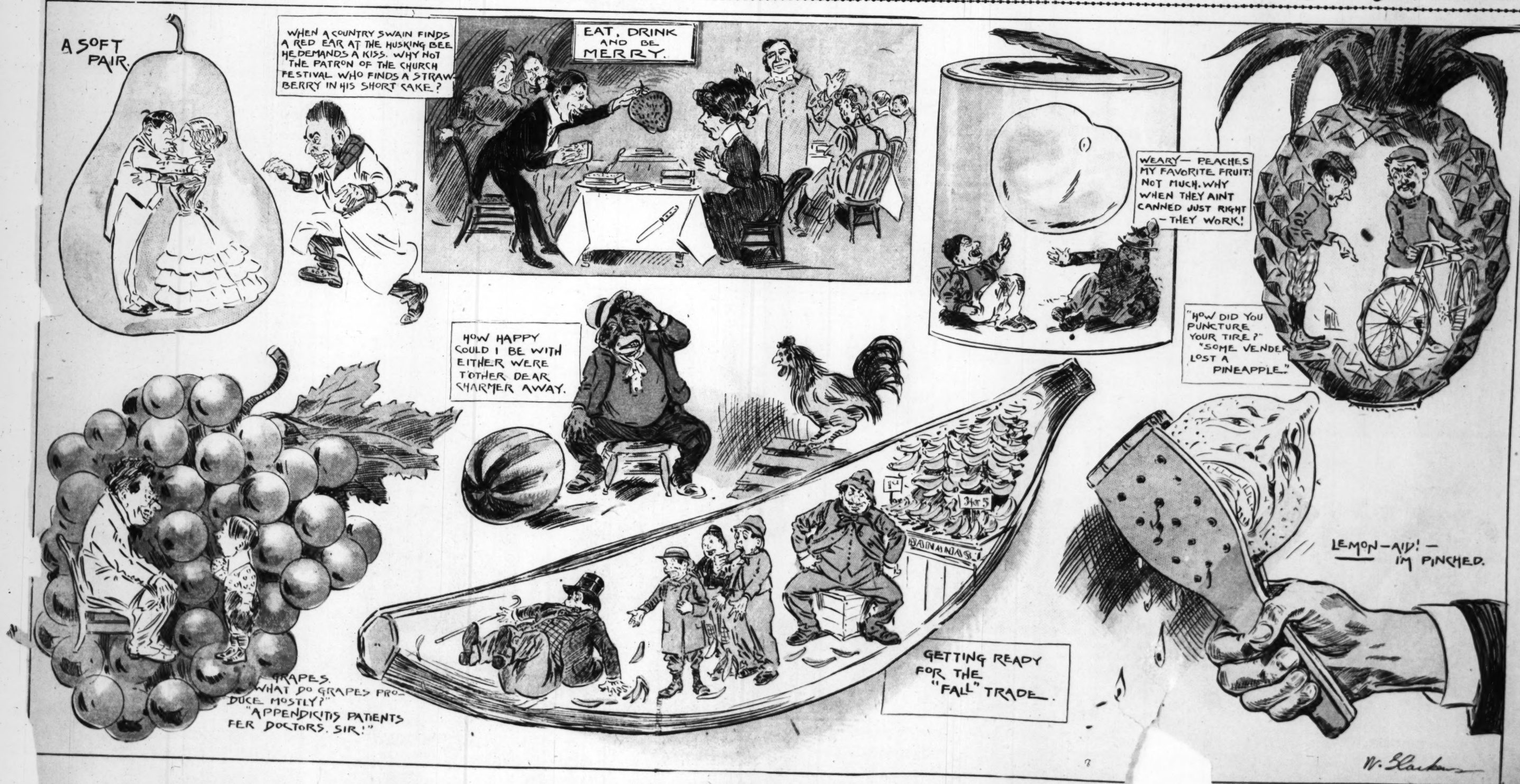
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM BUT DON'T GET TOO CLOSE--
SEE HOW HE HAS SCARED THE CASEY CORNER KIDS.

HERE'S THE NEW BULLY

HE'S QUITE THE MOST TERRID THING THAT'S MEANDERED INTO
THE COMIC MARKET PLACE IN MANY A MOON--HE HAS A FUTURE.



SOME FRUIT EXTRACTS---TO BE SERVED ON MELTED ICE, GLACÉ, FRAPPÉ OR ANY OLDWÉ.



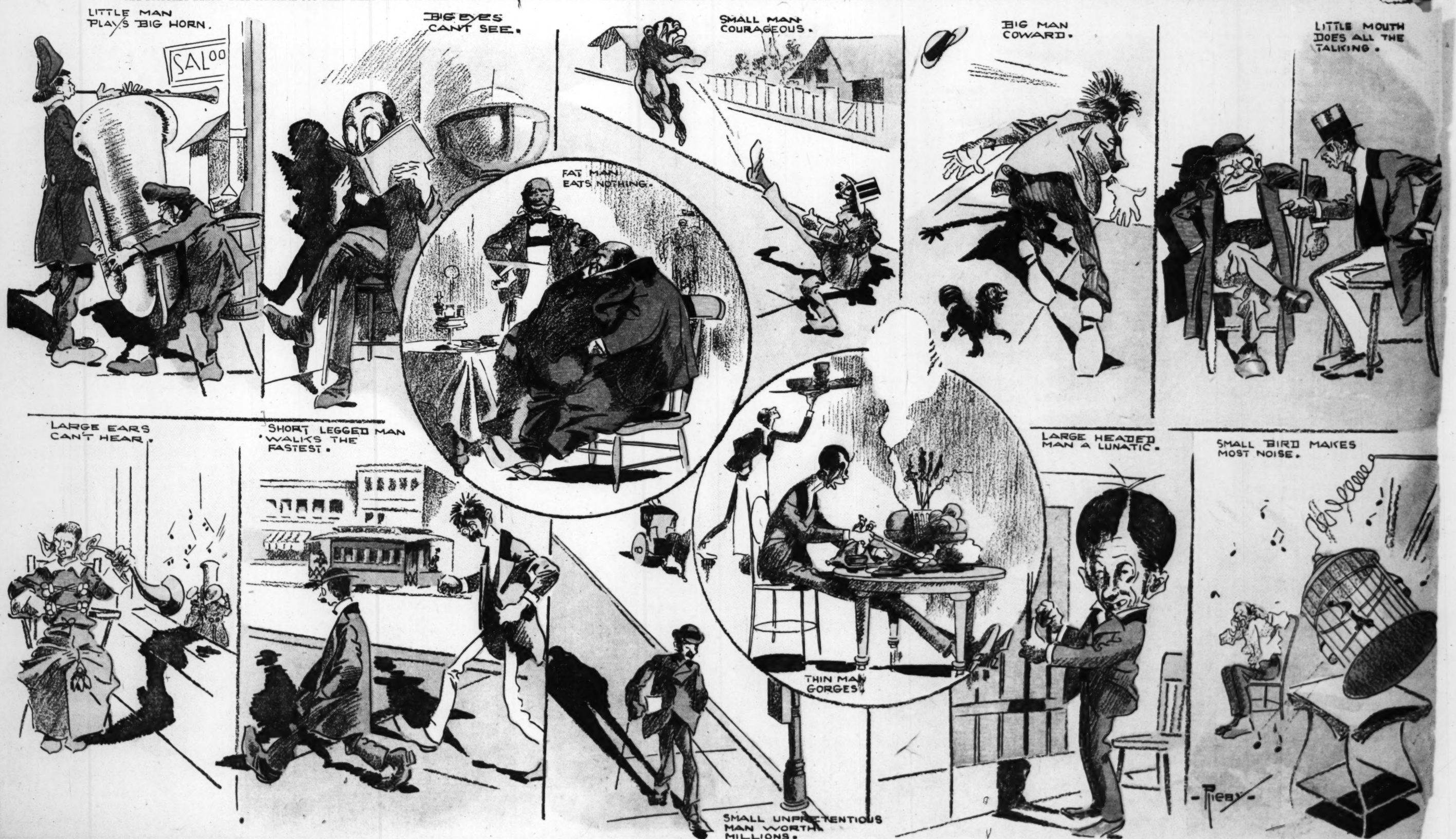
JOKES THROWN ON GAUZE—SO YOU CAN SEE THROUGH 'EM.

THE THIN, SILKY FOLDS OF THE SERPENTINE DANCER'S ROBES ARE A FAVORITE TARGET FOR THE STEREOPTICON MAN AND HIS SPOTTERING MACHINE. NOW SHE BECOMES A MARK FOR THE FUNNY ARTIST AND HIS WARES.



INGCONGRUITIES IN EVERY-DAY LIFE—PARADOXES EASILY APPARENT.

THE PICTURES BELOW WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT MANY ANIMATE THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM—WE'RE OFTEN DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES, AS THE MAN SAID WHEN HE WAS ALL BROKEN UP OVER MISTAKING A STICK OF DYNAMITE FOR A STICK OF LICORICE.



LIGHTNING—RAIN—SUNSHINE.



**LITTLE GIRL'S
IDEA.**

It lightnined awful bad last night,
The flash was all about,
But after while there came the rain
And put the lightning out.

STEPHEN CRAYONS.

A Traveller repined.
"These European novelties will cost me a fortune in duties," he said.
"And they call this the land of the free."
But the Philosopher said:
"Have done with your complainings.
"You are only complying with the 'Customs of the Country.'"

A Good Man grieved.
"This exhibition of Hot Words is truly pitiable," he said.
And he threw another Bucket of Water on the Burning Books.

An Actor made a Hit.
"Creation's Heir, the World is mine," he cried.
And he ordered the whole edition of next day's papers to send Home.
But next night the Treasurer Skipped.
"I will exchange a portion of my Heritage for a Railroad Ticket," said the Actor.
But the Officials of the Road knew him not.
And they owned most of the Earth, anyway.
So he walked.

A Poor Man with a Loud Voice discoursed.
And he said the Best Riches consisted of the ignorance of Wealth.
Then there came one who said:
"My man, you talk well. Come with me and I

will give you Gold and Silver to tell the world of my Famous Patent Medicine."
But the orator said:
"I know a Trick worth two of that.
"I am practising to be a Walking Delegate."

A Bud and a Bachelor talked Conversation.
"And did you take in the Opening Ball?" asked the Bud.
"Why, did you smell it on my Breath?"
And the Bud marvelled.

A Turkey Cock starved himself.
"Why," asked a Fattening Fowl, "do you not take the Good the Gods provide and fill your craw with Corn and Meal?"
But the Attenuated One said:
"Lo, the Feast of Washington's Birthday approaches. I fast that my Days may be long in the Land."

But just then the Farmer came up and said to his Hired Man:
"Catch that Old Chrome and give him the Rapid Axe. He's a Hoodoo, and I fear he will Queer all the other Fowls."
And the Fat Cock thought:
"There is such a Thing as being too good for Flossy."

A Penitent pondered as he read a Sensational Account in a Newspaper.
"Victims of Razors."
But his Mind dwelt not on Murder Details.
"I, too, was caught between Two sets of Three last Night," he said.
And he pondered some more.

W. W. AULICK.

MISCONSTRUED.



May—I don't propose to be made love to by a single man this whole season.
Agatha—Oh, how awfully base you are getting to be, you little flirt!
May—Indeed! How so?
Agatha—To prefer the married ones.

IT IMPLIED RELIGION.

ENDING myself on Sunday in a little town in the San Gabriel Valley I attended the only church in the place.
The minister assembled his flock by ringing a cow-bell, and when they had all trooped in he arose and, after looking them over for a moment, said:
"Gigams, what's the biggest War that ye've ever had?"
"Long, parson," answered Jim, "an' he

weighed two tons, an' we fit an' fout for two days."
"Sam Bungs, what's the biggest trout that ye ever caught?"
"He was three feet long an' weighed ninety-nine pounds," answered Sam promptly.
"Bob Gams, how many deers hev ye ever killed at one shot?"
"Seven, parson; caught 'em in line an' hamstrung the whole lot."
"Pete Means, what's the biggest punkin' that ye ever raised?"
"Don't know, 'xactly, parson, but I reckon the one that I raised last summer in my back ten-acre lot wuz the biggest. Hit took me thirty minutes ter walk around hit."
"The sermon this mornin'," announced the

parson, "will be upon the beautiful an' touchin' story of Jonah an' the whale."
There was twisting and squirming as the parson unwound the powerful story of Jonah and the whale, and finally one of the parties who had been singled out leaned across the aisle and whispered hoarsely behind his hand to one of the others:
"Darn his hide, he didn't tote fair!"

HIS OBJECTION.
Real Estate Agent—It's only four minutes' walk to the station.
Customer—Wouldn't do at all. I must have a place where it will be worth my while to jump on my wheel and ride to the station.

HE WAS HUNGRY.
The Macfersons set a very poor table. Mr.

Toomey, a friend of the family, was about to take his departure, when the former said:
"Won't you stop and have supper with us?"
"No, Mac, I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. I'll have to be going. I ate a very light dinner to-day."

ALMOST A SLUR.
"You have brought out my poems in splendid shape," said Tom Pegasus to his publisher, as he examined the elegant binding of the book.
"Yes," replied the publisher, "the purchaser ought to get something for his money."

DANGEROUS INSINUATION.
Nellie—I know that I am not perfect. I realize that I have my faults.
George—Yes; that's so.
Nellie (indignantly)—I have, eh? I like to know what they are. Just name one.

STRAINED THE JAR.

LITTLE old woman with a sharp nose and sharper tongue was in the country grocery store buying supplies. A m o n g other things she brought in from the "democrat" wagon was a battle-scarred jug with a corn-cob stopper which she ordered filled with molasses.
At last, when her purchases were completed, she began looking over the account, item by item, before paying.

"What's this!" she exclaimed; "you have charged me for two gallons and a half of molasses!"
"Yes, ma'am."
"But that jug holds only two gallons."
"You must be mistaken. I measured the molasses carefully and it took two gallons and a half to fill it."
"Well," said the old woman, with a sigh, "I don't so much mind having to pay for the molasses, but I do object to having the old jug strained by putting in half a gallon more than it will hold."

A MARK OF GENIUS.
Frontrow—Is Upstage a great actor?
Lozzerbox—He must be. He wears fur on his coat collar the year round.

ENTIETH CENTURY NOVEL.

as and Plotless Story in Which One Chap's Nothing Whatever to Do with the s, and Which Ends at the Beginning Commences at the Conclusion, for the Benefit of "Ye Loveless Maidens."

THE END.
ire careless city was in a tumult. apus, a flying-machine running between Rue de la Foxxe, Paris, had acci-ot lost in a cloud and ran plump into a ated star, puncturing its pneumatic on the left wing sat two nabob Martians e electric cigarettes and discuss- s, mindful of their immediate danger. I that Crocker passed in his checks. e wears plain black now."

CHAPTER X.
I shove our reader back to the year 1898 (before chainless watches), and we see in front of the costly building owned by the Trust (an institution organized for the sake of taxing every resident for the sun which shines into his room or on of his house) two manless men, donned of cotton flannel.
I remember long, long ago, how that dual Lieut. Peary explored the arctic re-izing amidst snow and ice, breathing gen and—did he ever discover the North?

CHAPTER I.
the first day after January 1st, and straw long since been called out. Sitting in e on the 100th floor of an old building, propped up on a blotterless desk, were ess office boys.
"I suppose yer took yer boss aside on day of the new year an' lectured ter 'riffs."

made him make er lot er new reserloo
"Idjer make him give up?"
b."

HE'S BONNET—A SONNET ON IT

rogeneous headgear, handsome hat, my word, you are a weird affair! us I see you on your owner's hair, and wonder where the deuce I'm at. me, are you high, or low, or flat, rye, or small, or round, or strictly square? simply do reduce me to despair of you—are you aware of that?

and flowers, stalks and ribbons blue, lfe declares you're perfect, and as such inion. I can nothing do ust submit to your outrageous "touch." in worth you are, p'raps dollars two, oost me more than twenty times as much.
DAVID H. DODGE.

A BELIEVER IN PROGRESS.

Yes, the baby's teeth trouble him a great Friend—They do, eh? Well, I sup- e day science will provide infants with h until the natural ones make their ap-

COMPETENT TO JUDGE.

aler—You say you are a first-class judge, et you have never been in the business hat?
(applying for a position in an egg store) ou see, I have been on the stage for over ears.

IT WAS LATE.

You look sweet enough to eat.
—You evidently think we run a night-

CUBA LIBRE—IF ONLY SENATORS VOTED AS CARTOONISTS DRAW!



SHE MADE IT DEFINITE.

Watson was sitting at his desk one evening when his wife said:
"My dear, will you send a note to Syk & Sattin and tell them that I must have the five yards of lining that I bought there yesterday. They said they'd send it right away, and I must have it to-morrow, for the dressmaker will be here the next day."
So Watson wrote as follows: "Messrs. Syk & Sattin: Will you please send at once the five yards of lining my wife purchased at your store yesterday?"
"Let me see what you have written?" said Mrs. Watson.
"Oh, dear!" she said, after reading it, "that isn't half positive and definite enough. They'll pay no attention to that. I'll sit down and write to them myself."
And this was what she wrote: "Messrs. Syk & Sattin: You will remember that I was in your store at about 10 o'clock yesterday morning (or it may have been as late as 10.30), and I purchased five yards of percaline for dress-lining. One of the salesladies at the lining counter will remember about it. The one I bought it of was tall and slender, with dark eyes, and I remember that she had on a red silk waist trimmed with black velvet and a red and green plaid skirt. She will remember that I purchased the lining of her and she promised me that it would be sent sure to-day. It has not come and it would not make any particular difference, only that my dressmaker is coming day after to-morrow and she will need the lining the first thing, and cannot go to work without it, and her engagements are such that she cannot come to me any day but day after to-morrow and the next day, so if the lining should not come it would put her back so that she could not finish the dress, and I cannot get her again for nearly a month, and I simply must have the dress by the last of next week, and I am too busy to come downtown to-morrow and get the lining. The saleslady I spoke of with the red silk waist will be sure to remember about it, and I told her just why and when I wanted it, and she promised me that it would be sure to come. Of course it may come before you get this, and if so it will be all right, but I simply must have it before the dressmaker gets here, for she will want to go to work on the skirt the first thing and she cannot if she does not have the lining. Please send it right away."
"P. S.—Five yards of percaline skirt lining at 38 cents a yard, bought of saleslady in red silk waist and plaid skirt, to be sent sure yesterday, and has not come. Must have it to-morrow."
"There," said Mrs. Watson, as she folded the letter. "That will make it all clear to them."

THE BROKEN SPELL.

How we treasure,
Past all measure,
Those few moments of sweet pleasure,
When we linger o'er the coffee and the fragrant cigarette:
Sunshine's streaming,
Bright and beaming,
While the coffee-pot is steaming,
And we answer hints to wander, with a languid
"No; not yet."

Time we're willing,
Woe beguiling,
All the world seems bright and smiling,
And determined pure emotions in our bosoms to instill:
When some braying
Ass, dismaying,
Breaks the lovely spell by saying:
"Well, boys, now we've had the dinner, tell me who will pay the bill!"
EDWARD JEIDELL.

HE OBJECTED.

"Brethren," said the Rev. Dr. Thirdly, as he warmed up to his subject, "let me enjoin you to—"
At this juncture a Populistic member woke up and replied:
"I denounce government by injunction."

IT OFTEN HAPPENS.

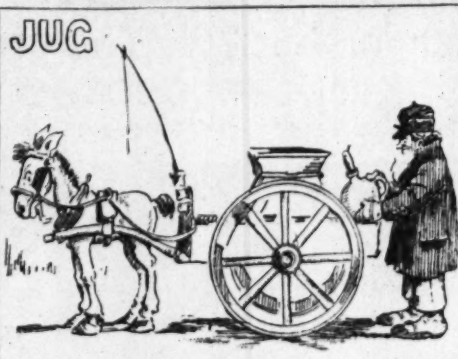
"Just my infernal luck!" growled Smithers to himself. "Here I've paid \$2 for this seat and now I won't be able to see a blamed thing!"

The gentle reader has no doubt already guessed that the above remarks were caused by a theatre hat. Such was indeed the case. It was a big hat, and the lady who wore it was by no means a dwarf. As Smithers is a small man, his chances of viewing the performance were extremely slim. He dodged from side to side and stretched his neck to the utmost, but all in vain. He could not even see the stage.

"It's a downright swindle, that's what it is!" he muttered under his breath, for he lacked the nerve to voice his sentiments aloud. "The idea of charging a man \$2 to sit and look at a hat. How a lady who pretends to be well bred can wear a thing like that to the theatre beats me. Now if I were to put on my high hat the people behind me would raise an awful kick, although it would merely shut off their view of that confounded mass of plumes and things. After this I shall stay at home and read about the plays in the newspapers. Ah, there goes the overture. I can hear that anyway. It's strange that the women don't invent some way of intercepting sound, too. That would make their happiness complete. And yet they talk about giving women more rights. They'll want poor men to get off the earth next. I wish we lived in the good old days of unlimited despotism and I were the lord high what you may call him. I'd—"

But the world will never know what Smithers would do in that case, for at that moment the lady in front of him removed the offending headgear and placed it in her lap, just as the curtain rose on the first act of the play.

AMAZING CHANGES PRODUCED BY FOUR VOWEL LETTERS AND A JUG OF LIQUOR.

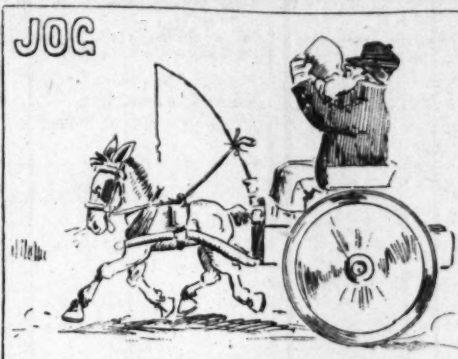


SHE GUESSED IT.

Jagson—Mrs. J. (hic), do you know what is the matter with me?
"Yes, Mr. Jagson," said his wife severely. "You are drunk, sir, very drunk."
"Mrs. J. (hic), you are correct," he replied. "You (hic) guessed it first time."

BY THE QUART.

The milk of human kindness is an appetizing drink;
It is sweet and more nutritious than a soul is prone to think.
How grand this life would seem to us, I often-times have thought,
Could we have it left each morning on our doorstep by the quart.



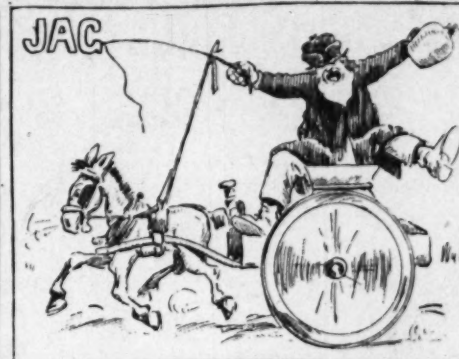
AN OBTUSE HUSBANDMAN.

The city limits of Chicago have been extended so as to take in a great deal of territory that is not densely populated. A gentleman was talking with a farmer who failed to perceive any marked advantage in living inside of the corporation limits, and who wanted to know if the city gentleman did not agree with him.

"No, I do not. Formerly you had to take your garden truck to the city to sell it. You don't have to do that now because you are already in the city—see?"

NOT ALWAYS SITTING.

"I suppose," said the physician, "that your occupation is mainly sedentary."
"Well, yes," admitted the Harlem patient, "but, then, I stand a couple of hours a day in the cars."



NOT A NEW SENSATION.

Ruggles—That Western uncle of yours is a queer old genius. I took him down the street a little while ago to show him a big fire. A five-story building was burning down. I got him a good place where he could sit down and watch the flames and see the fire department at work, and I hope I may drop dead if he didn't look bored, yawn two or three times and go to sleep!

Parkinson—You blamed fool! That old uncle of mine lived in Chicago in 1871 and was a member of the Chicago Fire Department!

A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

Hewitt—Grue's bald head looks like a billiard ball.
Jewett—Don't make game of him.



NOTHING SERIOUS.

City Editor—What's the matter? Are you having any trouble in deciphering your notes?
Shortland Reporter (who has just returned from his first assignment)—N-no, sir. I'll read them all right enough as soon as I can find out which is the right side up of the darned notebook.

ANSWERED.

Why is an old-fashioned chimney like a swallow?
Here is a conundrum that I'm sure is strictly true;
Of all bright questions that you've heard this beats the rest all hollow—
A swallow's like a chimney 'cause it has a crooked flue.

AN UP-TO-DATE SAMSON.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the jangled lecturer of the dime museum, "I honor to present to your kind attention Alonso Biceps, the world-renowned strong man whose prodigious performance has astounded the various crowned heads of Europe, including the Sultan of China and the Kaiser of Germany. The elegant gold plate which covers his breast is a decoration received from Queen Victoria, in grateful recognition of the courage and presence of mind, when, during recent jubilee celebration in London, the cream-colored horses attached to the carriage ran away and would inevitably have hurled Majesty into the River Thames had Professor Biceps, with one blow of his powerful biceps, broken the backs of the infuriated animals."

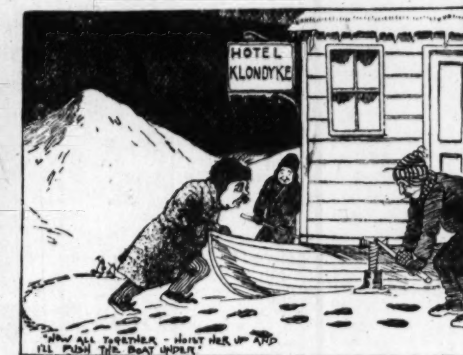
"Professor Biceps will begin his performance holding out at arm's length above his head a crown man weighing 165 pounds, seated in a weighing 50 pounds, making a total of 215 pounds. This feat has never before been accomplished by one man simultaneously, and as it is a strain upon the system cannot be excused if everybody coughs up ten cents extra—trust you will all do."

"After that the Professor will proceed to your understandings by an exact duplicate exhibition of physical impossibilities with he took away the breaths of the Kaiser of many and the Emperor of Borneo."

"The modern Samson will then conclude his performance by supporting on his chest a plate bearing a harmonium and weights amounting over 5,000 pounds. Right here I would like to serve in parenthesis that anybody who is not genuine of these weights is at perfect liberty to do so, but I would earnestly advise him to refrain from giving audible expression to his givings unless he is desirous of having his head transformed into a calves' foot jelly."

HAROLD EY

HOW A HOTEL ARRIVED AT THE NEW KLONDIKE DIGGINGS AHEAD OF ITS GUESTS—A STRANGE DEVICE 'MID SNOW AND ICE.



SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Oh, his nose is bruised and battered,
And his eyes are black and blue,
And his right leg's badly shattered,
And his cheek's a ghastly hue;
Oh, knocked out are all his molars,
And he looks so sad, so grim,
Just as though a few steam rollers
Hadn't done a thing to him!

No, my dear and gentle reader,
He's not on a football team;
Nor is he a Cuban leader,
Nor a scorching awful dream;
He is not a suffering victim
Of the trolley's base intent,
Nor had any bulldog sicked him,
And left wounds in consequence.

"How did I incur my bruises?"
To a friend I heard him say:
"Disbelieve the tale who chooses,
I incurred them in this way:
Standing in the dense crowd's centre,
I, not wisely, but too well,
Tried to be the first to enter
An express train on the 'L'!"

EDWARD JEIDELL.

GRAN'PAW AND GREEN GOODS.

Once gran'paw got a circular
Which some smart Alecs sent, I guess;
It offered scads of money fer
A hundred-dollar bill or less.
An' gran'paw sold the ploughin' team
An' gran'maw's cow to make the raise,
An' gran'maw 'lowed it was like a dream,
Er tales she'd read of other days.

An' then she packed his carpet sack
An' told us when he went away
That when he brought the green goods back
We'd live on flip-jacks every day.
Well, gran'paw come one evenin' late—
His carpet sack was stuffed, you bet,
An' he informed us at the gate
He hadn't looked into it yet.

An' say, you ought to saw us drop
When gran'paw cut the strings that tied!
They'd put a dollar bill on top
An' not a blamed red cent inside!
An' gran'maw now just rips an' snorts,
An' gran'paw goes no more to roam,
An' we have had to live on shorts
Sence gran'paw brought the green goods home.

A USE FOR HIM.

Jack Dashing—How do you like your fiancé?
Penelope—He's slow.
Jack Dashing—Then let him escort your chap-
erone home. I'll take you.

A SAFE PLACE.

"I have determined to go to Klondike," said the tragedian.
"To dig gold?"
"No, sir; to act."
"I shouldn't think that there was much of a theatrical opening there."
"Not much of a theatrical opening? Why, my dear sir, eggs are selling there at \$1 each."

AN UNWORTHY CITIZEN.

"That man who was arrested the other day for having five wives is a disgrace to our city," said one Chicago man to another.
"Indeed he is."
"That's what I say. A man who will commit bigamy rather than get divorced deserves no mercy."

HIS MALADY.

Flint—Pshaw! There is nothing the matter with you.
Soiled Spooner—Yes, dere is, gent; I've got in-somni-ah! I slept for five days on a stretch. Dat's de livin' truth!
"H'm! That is pretty bad. Well, here is a quarter for you. What is the reason you haven't slept for five days?"
"Aw, I have, but not all in one stretch. Ten hours is about de longest I can sleep at one time."

NORTHERN PROSPERITY.

Silas—Gosh! but prosperity's struck us! McKinley's the stuff! Look at this here list of prices!
Miranda—Why, you old pumpkin-head, you're readin' that Klondike article.

REMARKABLE SILENCE.

Then, after a time, the man with the razor came to a full stop.
"Where's that fellow gone who used to have the next chair?" the man with the vacant locks wanted to know.
"Oh," returned the man with the razor indifferently, "he's barbering still."
The man with the vacant locks showed surprise.
"I didn't know it could be done that way," he sighed, wearily.
Then the man with the razor opened up again.

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

Mrs. Cobwigger—I hope you had a good word for her.
Mrs. Dorcas—How could I, my dear. It was at the swing circle.

POOR CONSOLATION.

Cobwigger—Why shouldn't I worry about my gray hair?
Mrs. Cobwigger—Because you're growing bald, my dear, and by the time your hair is gray it won't show.

KNEW BY LOGIC.

"If you were not there," asked the lawyer, "how do you know that the fight was over?"
"I got there," answered the witness, "at the same time the policeman did."

STRATEGY.

She ordered several expensive dresses and hats and told me when the bills reached the old man. I spoke to him the same day.

THE EPICURE'S SONG.

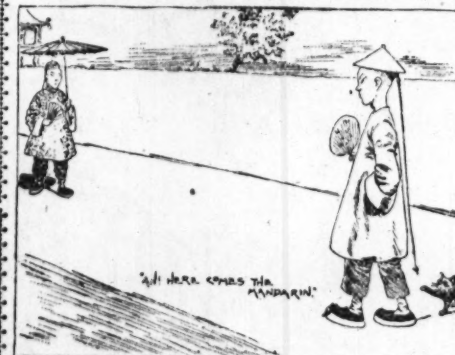
I went into a restaurant the other day to din.
The service was acceptable, and decent wa wine;
The dinner was a nice one, but particularly
Was a splendid dish that finished up—it
sort of pud.
I know not its merits, but all that I can
as to do—
I that I could—
And I took a
help of it before I came a
By Jimmy Jinks, it was
I'd eat it all day if I
That very digestible
Quite incontestable
Most manifestible
Pud!

I do not care for puddings as a rule, you know
this
Seemed somehow to ecstasize all gustatory
And when I left the restaurant I felt I walk
air.
Because it was so easy to digest, I do declare
I did not yearn for cheese nor o'en cigar to
up.
For I couldn't be so curt
To that heavenly dessert,
And as for café noir, I should have spurne
smallest cup.
For let it be now under:
I'd eat it all day if I
That sweet and acco
Mixture unguessable
Quite inexpressible
Pud!

I dream each night of this dessert, but let
me thought
The man is because the things that make
haught
To bring a
chintre as you if you eat I
dear.
The seasonin',
alful, and they use the
out dough.
But there! I won't continue, or you'll think
a hog.

So I'll stop and simply state
That you ought to try a plate.
And then you will appreciate this chorale.
By Jimmy Jinks, it was
I'd eat it all day if I
This quite unassail
Cheap and available
Most indispensable
Incomprehensible
Very delectable
Also respectable
Edible
Eatable
Creditable
Treatable
Pud!
DAVID H. DOD

HOW A CAT TOOK THE QUEUE AND MADE A HIT—AN ORIENTAL TRAGEDY.



"WIV MY TOOF."

Little Bess was eating an apple. Suddenly she cried out as if in pain. "What is the matter, darling?" asked mamma.
"Hurt me," sobbed the little one.
"How, dear?"
"Stepped on my tongue wiv my toofs."

A MISTAKE.

Cumso—What do you think of the printers' strike?
Cawker—It is a typographical error.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

First Young Sport—Well, I must go to bed.
Second Young Sport—Go to bed? Why, it's match last night!
Thuggers—De crowd.

GILT.

"Foiled!"
No, it was not the villain interrupted in the act of pursuing her.
It was the remark of Reuben Peaslee on opening the gold brick that he had purchased in the city.

THE REASON.

Soiled Spooner—Sawin' wood is one kind of work dat don't tire me.
Seldum Fidd—De dickens it don't! Why not?
Soiled Spooner—Becuz I don't do it.

THE LOSERS.

Askins—Who got the worst of the sparring match last night?
Thuggers—De crowd.

ANOTHER NECESSITY.

Penelope—Now that you have a parrot to swear for you, you really do not need a husband.
Pauline—Oh, yes I do. I need a husband to swear at the parrot.

USES IT.

"I don't see why you don't pay your addresses to that Miss Roxie Millyuns. She's an awfully pretty girl, and her father's a millionaire to boot."
"Yes, confound him; that's the reason."

HER CUSTOMS.

May—Clara doesn't look as stout as she did when she came from abroad.
Belle—No. By the way, has she shown you all the things she has smuggled in?

DIFFERENTIATION.

May—Don't you consider Miss Scadds handsome?
Jack—Well, not handsome enough to praise to another lady.

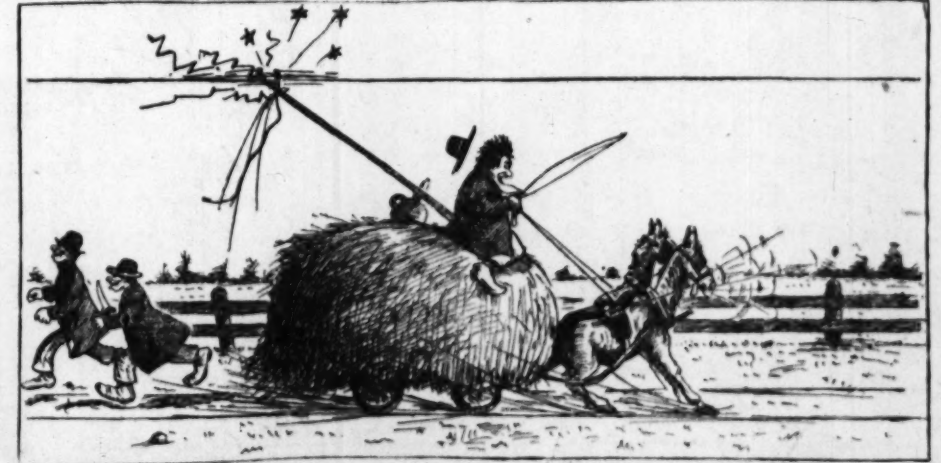
WHAT IS IT?

There is probably some good reason why a man should try to light his cigar on the sidewalk in the face of a strong breeze instead of stepping into an adjacent doorway to do it comfortably, but it hasn't been discovered yet.

A THEORY.

Acer—My cash has reached the zero mark this morning.
Pacer—You must have run up against a cold deck last night.

HAY THERE, LOOK OUT! HERE COMES FARMER PERK SIKENS ON HIS NEW-FANGLED TROLLEY-CAR HAY WAGON.



MOSE'S LATEST TRIUMPH--MONKEYS HATCHED FROM MUFFS.

And now the question of the week is: "What is Mose going to hatch from the little feather dusters?" The great trained chicken is getting very proud of his successful incubator.

MOSE, CAN'T YOU GIVE DE LITTLE CHINESE BABIES SOME OLD HEN'S NESTS FOR SOUP?

AREN'T THOSE CHICKS GLAD DEY WUZ HATCHED BEFORE EASTER!!

DIS IS DE LITTLE FLYING MACHINES COMING OUT PARTY

HOW DOSE LITTLE CHINKS WOULD LIKE TO LAUNDRY DEM COONS.

DOSE-LITTLE CHICKS NEVER BROOD OVER TROUBLE!

I KIN HATCH PLOTS FOR PLAYS. MOSE

NOTICE!! DE FLYINGMACHINES HAVE NO ANIMAL INSTINCTS. OH! NO!! NIT!!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THESE TWO LITTLE FEATHER DUSTERS YOU COULD GUESS FOR WEEKS AND NEVER TELL WHAT THEY WOULD BE. SO NEXT WEEK DE RESULT WILL BE ON EXHIBITION.

DON'T FORGET THE PRIZES FOR NAMING THE MONKEYS!! BOYS & GIRLS IT'S \$10.00

MOSE'S INCUBATOR.

WATCH DIS DOOR AS SOON AS DERE HATCHED - OUT DEY COME!!

BOYS & GIRLS

\$10.00 (DOLLAR) FOR THE BEST NAMES FOR THE MONKEYS ADDRESS COMIC SUPPLY

THESE 2 LITTLE MONKEYS WERE HATCHED FROM THE TWO LITTLE MUFFS--A REMARKABLE THING. BUT WONT THE 2 LITTLE FEATHER DUSTERS SPRING A SURPRISE ON YOU

DON'T THINK BECAUSE I HAVE PLATTED MY TAIL IT'S VANITY! FOR IT AINT ITS SIMPLY A MATTER OF BUSINESS WITH ME! YOU KNOW WHEN ONE IS THE BOSS HE MUST LOOK THE PART. MOSE.

YOU BETTER LOOKOUT MIKE! AS SOON AS ME STEAM'S UP--I'M DANGEROUS.

GO ON YOU SHARK FACED BLOW HARD I'LL SEND YOU TO THE REPAIR SHOP.

GOOD THINGS CAME HIS WAY--HOW H. FATT GOT HIS DINNER.

Showing that it's good for bad actors to know something about juggling. Pictorial advice to about 99-100 per cent. of the profession.



"We won't..." &c., &c.



"Get off! Take that!! You ham!!!"



Great Scott! He's a juggler in disguise.



Ham-- There's more than one way of earning a salary.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.



NANCE O'NEIL
IN
"LEAH,
THE FORSAKEN"
"AND YOU BELIEVED
THAT I HAD TAKEN
THE MONEY!
MISERABLE
CHRISTIAN!
AND YOU CAST
ME FORTH."

JULIA ARTHUR
IN HER GREAT MURDER SCENE IN
"A LADY OF QUALITY."

"I HAVE KILLED THEE! I HAVE KILLED THEE!
I MEANT IT NOT! I MEANT IT NOT!
NOW THOU ART A DEAD MAN
AND THIS IS THE WORST
OF ALL."

THE CLIMAX OF MIMIC TRAGEDY AS SHOWN BY TWO EXPRESSIVE FACES

Exquisite Fashions

from PHOTOGRAPHS taken for THE SUNDAY WORLD

in Parisian Lingerie



BATISTE NEGLIGE

SKIRT and CORSET to MATCH



THE NEWEST CORSET COVER



ER LINGERIE.

Points are noteworthy consideration of the lingerie approaching season. In every article of dainty as elaborate as it can be, and in the second place, it is attained by the use of specimens shown on this photographed on a living model, that every detail of their design might be reproduced. Each garment was recently imported from Paris, and which they represent may be considered by New York women as absolute perfection. The garments were photographed through the courtesy of Messrs. J. & S. Simpson.

A distinction than formerly between the lingerie for day and that for night. The semi-elaboration of one merges into the complete elaboration of the other. Indeed, so pronounced has the passion for lace and frills become that the bits of Parisian daintiness shown here are worn by some women in their toilet.

which is now completely restored to favor, will be oftentimes seen in the illustration—rather long and full and made of some finer material, which alternates vertically with bands of lace inserted in one of the most comfortable as well as fashionable that slightly heavier variety of material is used in making the thin now so frequently take the place of the less dainty silk petticoat. It terminates with several pointed flounces, elaborately trimmed with lace.

underbodies are more bewildering than ever. In one form the corset is like a fish, so simple is it in construction, and so becoming in another form it seems a modified adaptation of the Russian blouse, with horizontal bars of lace, and confined about the waist by a ribbon simply as a delicate little shield for the corset.

nightgown can hardly be distinguished from the negligee. It is so styled as to give a sort of honeycomb effect, and the ruffles and ribbons are daintiest.

PATRIOTISM IN PAPER.

Justly proud of the superiority of our American paper, says Frances et al. Calloway in an exchange, and as a people should be stimulated in fact alone to write the best of letters. Some of our leading manufacturers of paper which cannot be equalled in the world for richness of artistic taste in finish. It is not a little surprising under these circumstances that the Senate and House should prefer to use foreign paper.

Senator, writing to a constituent, pours out his fervent and devoted welfare of his country on a sheet bearing the British coat-of-arms, is put to blush, but this amiable virtue is lost sight of altogether as the man with fiery enthusiasm spreads forth his pent-up love for his across the very nose of the British lion smiling so blandly from the front of the imported paper.

House, more considerate of American interests, introduces home-made paper. Mrs. McKinley uses a bond paper in pale azure, stamped in notes are written on one of the pretty square shapes, with a small in the left-hand corner, and her address, Executive Mansion, on the address is also stamped neatly on the flap of the envelope. The whole is so lovely and as refined as the lady herself, and rejoices the one who is honored enough to be the recipient.

ONE WOMAN'S HEROIC ACT.

Women displayed sublime courage, devotion and self-sacrifice during the war, but in all the world there is hardly a parallel to the splendid story of a girl of seventeen, then Delina Reader, and now Mrs. Delina No. 4570 Chouteau avenue, St. Louis.

After years after her finest and most heroic conduct Congress is about to give the country's debt to her by presenting her with a medal. Her story is a graphic and moving tale.

After, 1861, immediately following the Fort Donelson battle," she says, "I passed to board the Government boat Des Moines, at St. Louis, which was bound for Fort Donelson to transfer wounded soldiers. I secured the passage for my brother, Charles H. Reader, of Company 1, Second Iowa, who was wounded at Donelson. Just before the boat started an order came that the Twenty-sixth Indiana, a regiment 1,000 strong, which had been routed only six days before, was to reinforce Col. James A. Mulligan at Lexington, Mo., surrounded by 25,000 of Price's men. A flotilla of four boats was sent to get off the Des Moines, although there was no reason to do so. We were three weeks making the trip up the river. Just above Glasgow, Mo., where our battle took place, the boat was attacked by the boats and shelled by Capt. George Smith, who was at the wheel the greater part of the time, with a Union officer at either side holding a pistol at his head.

"Forty-six soldiers were taken ill with fever. I nursed them as best I could, and bought meals for them. They could not eat prison fare. When the provisions began to run short, Capt. Baldwin, who commanded the boat, forbade me buying meals. Then I divided my own with the sick. I had gone four days without a bite to eat when the steward stood over me and made me eat in the pantry while he watched me.

"One night the order was given to tie up at a cornfield. It was the most dangerous part of the river. A company of 100 men was ordered ashore to protect the boats. They had not time to get in line before the firing commenced. I was sitting in the cabin and the glass was breaking all around. Jerry Wenzell, my brother-in-law and first engineer of the boat, tried to wrench me from the stool on which I sat. I wound



NAINSOOK with LACE FLOUNCE

my legs around the stool and clutched the rail. Wenzell hurried away. Capt. Baldwin also tried to make me go below, but I refused.

"As soon as I was free I ran down the stairs to the gangplank and made my way to the shore. The bullets were flying like hail. I ran to the first soldier I saw in the cornfield. I put my arms around him while he clasped his hands around my neck. I bore him, groaning and crying with pain, and stowed him away in one of the state-rooms between the wheels of the boat.

"I ran to the field again as fast as I could and brought back another wounded soldier in the same way. I made two-

ty-two trips of this kind, and each time brought back a wounded soldier, while the bullets were hissing all about me. Balls of fire almost blinded me. This, mingled with the snapping and crashing, the orders of the officers and the cries and shrieks of the wounded, almost unnerved me.

"When I started for the shore the twenty-third time I found that the men were retreating to the boat. I was afraid that I should be trampled to death in the panic. I went to the room where were the wounded and asked to be let in. The place was so crowded I could hardly stand. The four boats pulled out into the river and ran back three miles, where they anchored. As they pulled out I could still hear the groans and cries. On the deck I found about forty wounded soldiers. These I helped into the cabin, filling the state-rooms with them, contrary to the captain's orders.

"I was up all night soothing the wounded men, assisting the surgeon in dressing the wounds and making bandages. I had to tear my own white skirts into strips because there was nothing else to be had. It was a terrible time.

"The second day after the battle Col. Wheatley, who was in command of the regiment, came into the cabin and invited me on the bow to bid good-by to the boys. They were leaving that morning to go overland by a roundabout way to reach Col. Mulligan. The officers were all drawn up. Col. Wheatley stood on one side and Lieut. Col. Dick O'Neill stood on the other. Near him was the most beautiful snow-white horse I have ever seen.

"Col. Wheatley in a very sad and solemn speech presented me with the white horse. He said it was a mark of gratitude from the officers of the regiment for my kindness to the boys during the three weeks on the boat, and what the Colonel called my heroic action in carrying the wounded to a place of safety during the heat of battle.

"I answered the Colonel's speech, thanking the boys for my beautiful horse, and saying that I should always consider him a tribute of love from the Twenty-sixth Indiana; that what I had done for them had been one of the greatest pleasures of my life, and that I had performed only my duty to my country and to the brave boys in it. I told them I would try to show my gratitude by visiting the wounded each day in the Government Hospital at St. Louis.

"I bade them all farewell, and the Colonel gave the order for three cheers, which were the finest I ever heard. The officers shook hands with me. As the regiment marched away I mounted my horse and pointed his head toward the troops. When they reached the top of the hill they halted, waved their caps to me and cheered again.

"That was thirty-seven years ago, but the whole scene is before my eyes as plainly as if the incident had happened yesterday. I'm glad the memory is distinct, for it's a rather pleasant one to look back upon after so many years of peaceful and quiet life."

NELLIE BRAGGINS'S ORCHESTRA

MISS NELLIE BRAGGINS, one of the bright particular stars of "The Highwayman," has the jolliest, most infectious laugh that ever a young woman was endowed with.

It ripples forth in its merriest fashion when she tells of her barn-storming days and her efforts to keep pace with one orchestra in particular in the rural districts of New Hampshire.

The orchestra numbered three performers—a pianist, who by day piled the avocation of veterinary surgeon; the flute-player, who was the village blacksmith; and the bass violinist, who was better known as a baker of bread. These gentlemen, after removing the stains of the day's work, hid themselves to the theatre a half-hour before the performance to find out what was expected of them. As they were not sight readers the result can better be imagined than described.

The singers were obliged to rehearse with the orchestra in the vain endeavor to convey to them some idea of rhythm, and in the few minutes allowed to Miss Braggins she attempted to initiate them into the mysteries of the cheerful Irish ditty, "A Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow."

"As becomes the typical milkmaid, that is, the stage type," said Miss Braggins, telling the story, "I tripped upon the stage wearing my most entrancing smile, fondly imagining that I would soon enthrall my audience.

"At the back of the stage I spied our manager, who I now know rather anticipated the result. His face was suspiciously mirthful. However, the orchestra had already started in. The first few bars were not inspiring, but I began my song. The orchestra and I did not seem to be on what you might call friendly terms, but I went on with the adventures of "The Pretty Maid" until I discovered a general smile on the faces of my audience. That discovery led to another—the flute-player was performing a solo, the notes of which were in direct conflict to my own. More discordant grew the accompaniment. Heavens! The bass-viol player, not to be outdone, was scraping away on one note, regardless of time or tune.

"My last hope hinged on the pianist—surely he would not desert me. All faith was shaken as I glanced at his upturned face. There he sat thumping up and down the keyboard, armed with confidence in his own musical ability and actually laughing at my efforts. His face showed what he thought of me. Rage seized my soul, but it did not linger, for just then I caught sight of our manager simply doubled up with mirth. "That was the last straw. The ludicrous situation appealed to me too strongly for me to preserve my dignity. You know laughing is really a falling with me, and as long as I was not allowed to sing I gave my other specialty, and showed the audience what a good hearty laugh really was. Then I beat a hasty retreat."

Miss Braggins's facial expressions are wonderfully clever, and the Sunday World camera has caught some of the happiest changes, as she told her story of "The Jay Orchestra."

MISS NELLIE BRAGGINS ILLUSTRATES A STAGE EXPERIENCE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY for THE SUNDAY WORLD



SONG

THE FLUTE PLAYER GETS OFF THE KEY

THE BASS-VIOL CHIMES IN

AND THE SINGER IS COMPLETELY

OPERA FASHIONS OF THE SEASON

SKETCHED FROM THE ACTUAL GARMENTS BY A SUNDAY WORLD ARTIST

DON'TS FOR THE OPERA.
Don't wear a hat or bonnet wherever you sit.
Don't wear a street gown if you have an orchestra seat.
Don't read the text of the opera aloud.

Don't imagine it is good form to enter while the music is in progress.
Don't wear an evening bodice if your escort has compromised on the upper gallery.
Don't make a disturbance by going out before the end.



MME. JOHANNA GADSKI AS BRUNNHILDE.

SEEN AT THE OPERA.

THE high standard which has been set this year by fashionable opera-goers in the matter of dress is rapidly showing results, as the illustrations on this page bear evidence. Calve and the De Reszkes may be thousands of miles away, but the splendor of the boxes is as dazzling as ever, and the opera season is pronounced a success.

The three French bodices shown here were sketched one evening last week from one of the most prominent boxes. The opera cloak which is also shown is of the shape that is this year considered most chic.

It is short and not over full and very simply trimmed. The one shown here is of apple green brocade, edged with sable fur and lined with violet satin. It is caught at the neck by a clasp of brilliants.

Opera coiffures are higher and more elaborate. And no piled-up mass of hair is considered properly dressed unless it is surmounted by jeweled ornaments of size and costliness. The newest and most fashionable forms of coiffure ornamentation are shown here.

One woman, who was seen at every performance of the opera given last week, confided to a friend who admired her costumes that the effect which seemed so simple was the result of months of labor and thousands of dollars. The costumes worn on the four evenings averaged \$1,000 a piece, and the additional cost of jewels and priceless ornaments made the listener's brain whirl when she heard it.

On one evening the opera costume consisted of a gown of black spangled jet set out very simply. This sounds very simple, but the "extras" were manifold. In the first place the gown was made over black satin imported especially from France. The spangled net was of the most superior quality and glittered almost the whole length of the Metropolitan. It was cut very low, and about her neck the beautiful woman of the gown wore a superb diamond necklace, matched in brilliancy only by the girdle of diamonds, which was the most beautiful garniture that could possibly have been chosen for the gown. A bunch of cerise feathers in the hair and one tremendous American Beauty rose were the only touches of color.

More elaborate, though less costly, was a second imported gown. This had a foundation of exquisite mauve satin, with an overdress of mouseline de soie of the same shade. The latter material bore a de-

This was the Most Effective Gown and Opera Cloak Worn at the Recent Performance of "Faust."



ONE OF WORTH'S MOST SUCCESSFUL EVENING GOWNS AND WRAPS.



A STUDY OF ORNAMENTS AND COIFFURES

sign of yellow roses wrought in silk by patient workers in an obscure French town. Two solid months, the grande dame confided, were devoted by the French workers to embroidering this gown, which especially thought out for the wearer. Yet in spite of the thought, care and difficult labor, the gown was wonderfully times. The accessories were a tiara of with this gown only, and beautiful bunch

of the corsage. The furs worn on this special costume were rich brown sables which had cost many hundreds of dollars.

The same furs were worn on the next evening, but the gown was a brilliant contrast to the preceding one. This was a remarkably Frenchy combination of white satin, brocaded in pearls, black velvet and turquoise

blue satin. The skirt was made almost altogether of the white satin, while black was combined prominently in the bodice decoration. Of course, such a gown afforded unusual opportunities for wearing pearls, and ropes of them were worn by the grande dame on this third opera evening. A high Marie Antoinette coiffure was held in place by strands of pearls twisted in and among the coils. The effect was charmingly becoming and piquant.

Even a multi-millionaire would groan at the outlay necessitated by the fourth toilet. This was of exquisite pearl gray silk, shading into white. The texture was of the finest, the silk having been imported at enormous cost from the far East. The entire gown was embroidered in silver, and the effect one of rare loveliness. The necessary color touch was supplied by the introduction of burnt orange velvet, which formed a puff on one shoulder, a knot or two on the bodice and so on. A yellow feather was worn in the hair and the jewels were the most beautiful that the lady owned—diamonds and emeralds, combined with exquisite workmanship. Not a single flower was worn with this gown, which was protected by a beautiful opera cloak of pale gray broadcloth lined with pale gray fur.

All of which was seen in New York and in the course of a single week, which promises well for the rest of the season.

It is, however, in the department of opera wraps that extravagance runs riot most appreciably. No amount of fur is too lavish, no quality of material is too costly to work into one of these garments, which are worn for a few moments and then put aside. Jeweled clasps, even of diamonds, have again been resorted to this year for a little extra elegance. From which it is clearly evident that opera in New York is not on the decline, at least so long as the box-holders are so generous as to provide entertainment supplementary to the music.



TWO OPERA FAVORITES.

Not Less Than \$2,000 Passed into Worth's Coffers as Payment for this Creation.

FEW novelties which the opera season might present could be so interesting to the mass of music lovers and opera-goers in New York as the two represented on this page—Marguerite, as sung by Mme. Melba, and Brunnhilde, as sung by Mme. Gadski. "Faust" is probably, take it all in all, the opera of the majority of audiences, and Melba, though perhaps not Marguerite, still approaches perfection nearly enough to satisfy her admirers there is, perhaps, hardly another role for which she is so well suited. Ph Mme. Gadski is a superb Brunnhilde, and she has so developed her art-characterization of the trying role ranks among her best achievements.

Her work this year has served greatly to increase the popularity of Gadski, who is still a young woman, and was until last year comparatively unknown in America. Her position in the Damrosch company is even more important than it was last season, even though Melba herself is at the front of the company. Personally, Mme. Gadski is a charming woman of the best tastes with gracious manners and an entire absence of affectation. She is more domestic in her tastes than any other prima donna known to New York, and her home life is one of rare tranquillity and happiness. Her own home is in Berlin, where she is even happier than when scoring opera in New York. Mme. Gadski appeared last year in "Die Walkure," but it was in this



MME. NELLIE MELBA AS MARGUERITE.

Sieglinde, which she acted with much charm. As Melba in "Faust" she has also been especially successful. It is interesting to note when her practice hours are over and there is no more of the robust German kind. For hours she can work pink roses or blue backgrounds quite as well as the most delicate of the German kind. And the results are almost as pleasing to her as to the audience. It is a fact that the singer is thorough and conscientious.

WITH THE DEAD IN CHINATOWN. THE PASSING AND JOURNEY OF THE SOUL.

It is faintly nebulous as the undefined traceries on a bit of embroidered gauze is a Chinaman's idea of the future life. As hideous and fantastic as the carved monsters on a piece of Satsuma is his theory of everlasting punishment.

In a tiny, close room in the rear of a little undertaking shop in Mott street sat a row of Chinamen, their impassive faces and unfathomable eyes turned upon a long, black coffin in the middle of the floor. The shop is next door to a stable. Now and then the silence was broken by the sound of the restless horses attached to the waiting hearse.

The rain was beating ceaselessly on a bit of desolate garden into which the one window of the room looked. The dim light from the patch of sullen sky filtered through this window and disclosed a weird, impressive scene—the somber, the gorgeous coloring of the skull-like faces above it; the gorgeous coloring of the silken robes, donned as for a festival.

There were two women in the little death chamber. One, a stout, red-faced, alert Irishwoman, wrapped in a comfortable gray-and-black plaid blanket shawl. She evidently was known to several of the mourners, for she exchanged salutations with some of them. Near the door sat a poor, battered, frowny girl, a type one sees in Chinatown. She sat as if carved from stone, her bleared eyes fastened on the coffin.

The utter hopelessness of a Chinaman's theory of a future state was plainly indicated by the simple and at times poetic character of the funeral services. There were no prayers said over the dead; no sermon nor eulogy was delivered. From time to time the mourners burned little bits of colored paper inscribed with black characters and symbols. The strange, sensuous perfumes of the Orient—the mingled odors of memory and oblivion—were wafted through the room.

Woven with the incense of the burning joss sticks came the intoxicating scent of the poppy, suggesting sleep—eternal sleep.

One by one rose and fell in metallic cadence the monotonous voices of the mourners as each spoke of the future existence.

"I am come to the middle of the stream," said one.

She Has Solved a Problem on Which Men Have Been Working for Half a Century.

MORE than a week ago, at the annual meeting of Sorosis, a small, dark-haired, earnest-eyed woman stood in the parlor of the Waldorf and read a paper to the distinguished gathering. It was entitled "What the Tenement Should Be," and it happily followed a series of other papers, all of which discussed the tenement problem. The first, for instance, was entitled "A Few Impressions from Tenement Life," the second, "How Emigration Affects the Tenement," and the third was: "How Crime Affects the Tenement."

It was then that Mary Gannon, who is not one of the kid-gloved members of Sorosis, but who is a working-woman—an architect—arose without any silken flutter or wave of violet sashet and read her paper on "What the Tenement Should Be."

Mary Gannon is the partner of Alice Hands, and

WOMAN'S HATS AND WOMAN'S BRAINS.

AN article appeared a few days ago in a well-known weekly, entitled "Women's Hats and Women's Brains." The writer had evidently had bad luck with her summer headgear, if it were a woman, and if it were a man, unquestionably a milliner's bill was at the bottom of the ill-tempered assault upon the decorative adornments of a woman's head.

The author of this last onslaught upon feminine caprice says that "until women learn to adopt a more reasonable style of headgear it may well be doubted whether they will ever be trusted, to any considerable extent, with responsibility," and adds that "so long as a hat crowns the imperial brow of woman doubt must inevitably arise concerning her complete sanity and concerning the purity of the gray matter claimed to exist in such desirable quantities underneath that frivolous-looking cranium," and pitifully finishes by asking how any one can expect to be venerated with such imperfections upon her head.

A reporter for the Sunday World called upon M. Francois, the Fifth Avenue milliner, and acquainted him with the tirade above alluded to against feminine millinery. M. Francois smiled and said he thought it would be quite time to excuse the eccentricities in millinery when the men explained from what motives of common-sense or logic they wore shoes with toothpick points, collars that interfered with their ears, and, generally speaking, followed fashions which, if dissected, would be quite as absurd as any of the most pronounced fads in bonnets and hats.

"At least," said M. Francois, "a woman with a hat which in itself is certainly a subject for criticism from some points of view makes a charming picture; while a man, attired in the fashion of the day, is certainly never an object of beauty, and frequently a guy."

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease declared herself in favor of the prettiest things that could be found in the way of a hat or bonnet.

"Surely," she said, "the women do not get too many flowers as they go through life, nor is there too much beauty about their pathway. I for one am going to wear hats that strike me as being pretty and that please my friends, and when the men can explain to me the uses, the sense and the dignity of their walking-sticks, without which they do not seem to be able to get around a large city in broad daylight like New York, for example, I think it will be time for us to discuss their competency to sit in judgment on our hats and bonnets."

Like the leaves of the autumn, they are blown hither and thither, and they care not where they rest when the wind has carried them away.

and his voice was almost a sob. "My boat is stuck fast in the ice. I cannot go back. I cannot go forward. Mountains of ice are about me. Here I must pause."

He sank into his chair and lighting bits of scarlet paper let them flutter softly to the floor, where they shriveled to ashes under the long, black coffin.

Presently another mourner rose: "The flower of the spring are faded," he chanted another mourner, "one more. They are gone. The flowers of the summer will come, but they are not the flowers of the spring."

The girl at the door withdrew her eyes from the coffin and buried her frowny head in her tattered old shawl. Silence again in the little room, broken only by the dash of the rain against the window-panes.

"The path divides," he chanted another mourner, "one goes on; that is ours. The other leads over the mountain. There is no returning; that is his."

A half sob, instantly and sternly repressed, echoed through the room. It is against all precedent for burning fresh bits of paper he slowly sifted them through his long, lean, yellow fingers.

MISS GANNON DISCUSSES THE MODEL TENEMENT-HOUSE.

these two women between them have solved a problem that mere men have been striving at unsuccessfully for half a century. They have brought their women's wits to bear on a subject that has defied solution for more years than they count between them, and so have designed a model tenement-house that has been approved of by all the practical thinkers, architects and builders of the world.

The model tenement which Mary Gannon and Alice Hands have designed is not an idle dream but a reality. Plans have been filed at the Building Department, and within a week or two at most ground will be broken for the new house in West Sixty-seventh street.

The building they have designed will be adapted wholly and entirely to the wants of those who are to occupy it.

The front of the building will measure 100 feet, and it will be 50 feet in depth. It will be built of brick with limestone trimmings six stories in height. There will be eight apartments on every floor, some of three rooms and ranging to more expensive flats of six rooms each.

From \$8 to \$18 a month will be the rental asked, and absolute comfort will be possible within each flat. Each flat will have a balcony and a coal bin, and there will be a roof garden, where sick babies may be cared for in the warm weather.

The building will be fireproof, thus removing one of the most awful dangers to which the lives of the tenement dwellers is exposed. Every inch of space has been utilized, and there will be no halls or stairs within the house. The stairs, which will be of iron, will circle upward in the courtyard, protected by a fire-proof casing of iron and brick, through the centre of which will run the freight elevator.

The courtyard in the centre of the building will make perfect ventilation and light possible to every apartment. Some will open on the street reaching through to the court, and will have the direct current of air.

At night an electric arc light will hang in the centre of the court, illuminating the different floors and balconies. Everything will be arranged with such comfort and niceness that it will be different from the tenement that we know of.

The roof garden will be one of the features. Miss Gannon and Miss Hands propose to lay a flooring of wood about a foot above the tin roofing, protecting the garden from the heat which the tin roof retains. There will be awnings and plants and hammocks to transform the place into a veritable garden in the air.

In each room there will be a hanging closet 3x5 feet. The living room will be the largest, and will be about four times the size of the average tenement room. It will contain a range for coal or gas, a sink with hot and cold water, and a kitchen china closet.

A small room adjoining will have stationary tubs, which may be converted into a bath-tub by removing a middle partition. This room, which also affords toilet conveniences, is partitioned off and thoroughly ventilated. It has a cemented floor and walls which permit of a washing out with a hose if desired.

The sleeping-rooms are extra large, are provided with built-in hanging closets, and have free ventilation, not from an air-shaft, but from the street and court.

"Our two rooms in Forsyth street cost us \$15 a month," said Miss Gannon. "One of them was dark, and we had to burn gas all day, thus bringing our gas bill up to \$8. We lived exactly as those around us did. We tried to beautify the rooms, but they were so unbecomingly ugly that they did not lend themselves readily to ornamentation."

"We bought our food and fuel as the others did, in

"Like the leaves of the autumn," he said, "they are blown hither and thither; and they care not where they rest when the wind has carried them away."

With a voice that sounded like the clashing of chains the last speaker drew a frightful picture of the everlasting punishment of the departed.

The passing souls are met in a dim, shadowy land—a land barren and desolate and awful. They come to the two terrible cities over whose gigantic ramparts lean colossal and terrible phantoms that mock and threaten them on their doleful journey. Untold mental sufferings surround them at every step. Anguish, tears and misery accompany them.

At last, weeping and moaning, the souls come to that dread place where the Book of Judgment is opened, wherein each man's record is faithfully kept.

They are doomed. The guilty ones are thrust into a vast caldron close by vomiting fire and smoke.

There is no hope. Should they attempt to escape they are pushed back by devils—pushed back eternally.

The harsh, relentless voice ceased. A groan ran through the row of Chinamen. Some of them clinked their hands in agony and writhed in despair. The big Irishwoman crossed herself hurriedly. "O Mary, mother of Jesus," she murmured brokenly.

The poor, battered, frowny girl by the door started up. "Gawd!" she gasped, and throwing her ragged shawl over her head, fiercely struck the door open with her fist and staggered across the street into a saloon.

Slowly the Chinamen followed the coffin back through a dim passage way into the stables. It was lifted into the hearse.

There was the sharp click of a door—the last door closed upon the dead. The restless horses sprang forward. The mourners leaned from the carriage windows and cast thousands upon thousands of bits of gaudy paper upon the ground. The gay scarlet and yellow trifles fluttered about and covered the slush of the street as with a carpet of autumn leaves.

The Plans Have Been Filed at the Building Department and the Work Is About to Begin.

order to ascertain just how much more the poor have to pay for their flour, their coal and wood and their potatoes, because they cannot keep them in any but the smallest quantities.

"We dressed plainly, and we visited the homes of those about us whenever opportunity offered. We found out all about their needs or their privations. Of course they did not guess that we were at work trying to design a house which would lessen their trials. Had they done so they would have been constrained or would have chuckled on their troubles."

"This has been a very long and tedious work for us, not so much on account of our year of life in the tenements as through the delays in raising money to realize our object. But our model tenement offers a safe investment for any one who wants to make money. It is not a charity."

WOMAN A RECLUSE IN LOVE'S MEMORY.

THE memory of her love has chained Miss Mina Kessinger to her home for more than thirty years. Her farm is just a mile from Jackson, O. She has not seen it since it was a struggling hamlet.

She lives her life simply and sweetly. For those who visit her she has a cheerful welcome. When she is urged to mingle more with people, seek relaxation and solace in other scenes, she shakes her head.

Her romance is a simple one; a love story that is all tragedy save the beautiful devotion of the woman who is living her years and waiting for the release.

Mina Kessinger and John Trehearne knew each other as children. He was a farmer's son and she a farmer's daughter. She was eighteen when the first word of love passed between them. In the very beginning circumstances set about thwarting this love. Miss Kessinger's parents had always looked askance at John Trehearne. They could see no good in him. And when they learned he was in love with their daughter they were furious.

The young man was never permitted to enter the house. They met only at spelling bees and various country entertainments, and it was under those adverse conditions John Trehearne did his courting.

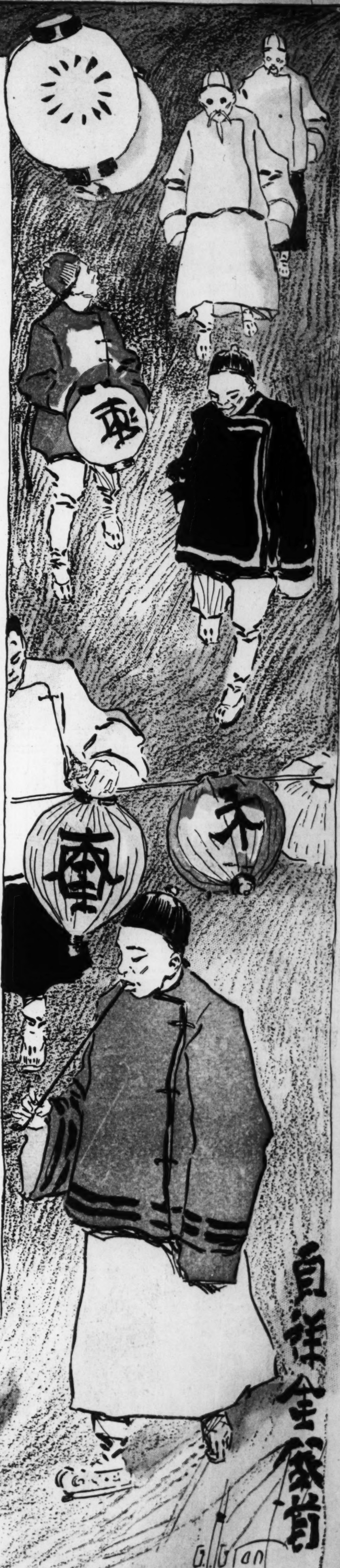
When the war of the rebellion began John Trehearne was among the first to enlist. The heart of Mina Kessinger was heavy with fear and apprehension. But she applauded him through her tears.

The night before he started for the front Mina Kessinger slipped out of the house. For hours she and Trehearne talked, and they plighted their troth.

There were days of anxious waiting, eager searching of newspaper accounts, days of dread and horror. Then there came a letter for Miss Kessinger—a letter that froze her blood. John Trehearne wrote that he had been wounded and was in the hospital.

A few days later came another letter, written by a kindly nurse—a tender, sorrowful, sympathetic letter, in which the writer told of the death of John Trehearne. He had passed away with his sweetheart's name upon his lips.

The joys of the world-of life itself—passed from Mina Kessinger. She wished she might die, as well, but there were duties to be performed. She took up the thread of existence as a prisoner takes up convict life. No influence could drag her from the farm. After a time her father and mother died, but she lived on. In all these years she has never been off the farm save to visit the houses of neighbors when sickness called her to their aid.



自洋金家前

G. Gran